

THE VOYAGE OF THE AMERICAN FLEET. By Sydney Brooks.

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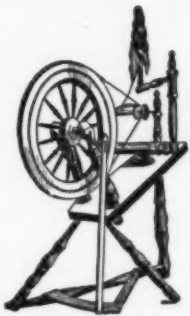
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SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXVIII.

No. 3322 March 7, 1908.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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A BROKEN REVERIE.

By glowing ember-light I sit
And fall to musing there;
And dreams of life tumultuous flit
About my study chair.

The old camp-life, remembered still,—
Those mornings cool and clear:
Glengarry ribbons whistle shrill
And whip the tingling air.

The flickering flame brings back to me
The camp-fire and the song:
In shade and shine again I see
The faces of the throng.

One turn of Fortune, more or less,—
The wild life still were mine,
And I had revelled in the stress
Along the frontier line:

Heard still the mellow bugles call,
The tramp of marching feet,
Till "Last Post" sounded over all,—
Such life—and death—were sweet!

Waking, I turn to watch her face,
Who silent knits the while:
I count again each tender grace,
And catch the loving smile.

A merry voice the silence breaks:
It is the children's hour;
And o'er my head my lassie shakes
A rippling golden show'r;

My boy leaps laughing to my knees,
And claims to join the fray;—
Ah, where were joys as sweet as these
In any wilder day?

Edward F. Shepherd.

The Pall Mall Magazine

TO LIEUTENANT E. H. SHACKLETON AND HIS COMRADES.

Kin to those voyagers of an earlier
day
Who westward sailed across unven-
tured seas,
Seeking the golden-shored Hesper-
ides,
Steer these new farers of the unknown
way.
No Eldorado lures them now; yet they
Hear the same call, and in their
spirit stir

The fire that kindled those old ven-
turers,
The voice that none who hear can
disobey.

Where all have failed their trackless
march may gain
The lone and silent dreamlands of
the Pole;
Yet whether these they win or find
no goal,
Honor be theirs! who in the farthest
main
The old flag of their country first
unfurled,
And chartered the last sea-way of the
world.

S. R. Lysaght.

The Spectator.

BETHLEHEM: THE HOUSE OF BREAD.

Draw nigh, O man, in fear,
Bend knee and head;
Its lintel is full low,
Our House of Bread.

Though fair the housel cloth,
Its web is mean;
Yet she who span and spread,
Is Heaven's Queen.

See, as high Altar meet,
For Love's array,
She takes the kine's rough straw,
A lock of hay.

And till the royal Mage
His censer bring,
The beasts, with harmless breath,
Salute their King.

The Tabernacle stands
With wide-flung door,
And, as a lamp, His Star
Flames white before.

Ruddy as Sharon's Rose,
As lily white,
Lo, here exposed the Host
To mortal sight.

Ye humble men of heart,
Souls gone before,
Green Earth, yea, all His works,
Behold, adore!

E. D. Farrar.

The Academy.

THE VOYAGE OF THE AMERICAN FLEET.

If all goes well, the American fleet, when this article appears in print, will be at anchor off Sandy Point, half-way through the Straits of Magellan. In a few days—midnight of February 5th is the appointed hour—it will start to thread its hazardous way through the narrow, twisting, squall-blinded channel that leads to the open freedom of the Pacific. The moment, so crucial in its test of seamanship, is opportune also for the commentating publicist. It marks the turning point in an unexampled manœuvre; it transfixes a great nation in the very crisis of a vast political transition. An old era closes as the sixteen battleships halt in their passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a new one will begin when they point north by west for Callao and Magdalena Bay. The pause, in the Carlylean phrase, is significant of much. History rarely allows the spectators and contemporaries of one of its decisive moments to grasp its implications with such assurance. But there cannot be much room for uncertainty here. We may not be able to foresee all that this sudden concentration in the Pacific of the whole present naval power of the United States portends. But we can at least be sure that the battleships off Sandy Point have left behind something more than the Atlantic, and that their voyage is at once the symbol and culmination of a long chain of facts and circumstances that make it no casual experiment, but as much the outcome of compulsory conditions as was the British scheme of naval reorganization and redistribution of three or four years ago. And we may be not less sure that the first turn of their screws in the waters of the Pacific implies, or at least foreshadows, a definite change of front in American policy and a recognition of

the new direction that American interests are likely to take in the future. It is not assuredly for nothing that the whole length of the Atlantic seaboard is to be left unprotected for six months and more to come; nor is it from any unpremeditated whim that even so superfluously wealthy a nation as the United States, a nation that light-heartedly pays away every year on padded and fraudulent pension rolls more than any Power sets aside for its navy, has invested in this cruise two millions sterling. There could be no better moment for assessing the causes and consequences of an undertaking that has no parallel in naval history than the present, when the most critical phase of the voyage is just about to be entered upon, when the battleships, at anchor after their seven thousand miles of churning, seem almost visibly to touch the future with their prows and the past with their sterns, and when every circumstance of their dramatic pause is an invitation to look before and after.

To a foreign observer of American conditions few things have been more interesting than to watch the steady decline of the Atlantic during the last ten years as the centre of America's political and strategical interests and the counterbalancing rise of the Pacific. Up to the time of the Spanish war the national vision turned irresistibly towards the east. The Eastern States have been the nurseries of the Commonwealth. They were the first to be colonized. Through their gateways poured, and still pours, nearly all the foreign commerce in which America is engaged and nearly all the immigrants she receives. Their wealth, their culture, their indisputable social primacy, have long fascinated and dominated the Union. The capital of

the country lies on the eastern coast. In the days of America's international aloofness they furnished the chief, almost the only, point of contact with the outside world. For many years they were the Union. The upbuilding of the West, the shifting of the centre of population, and the mechanically mathematical scheme of American government, have robbed them of much of their old political ascendancy. But, as the recent credit crisis proved, they are still the supreme though no longer the unchallenged citadel of the money-power, and their social and æsthetic predominance remains, and must long remain, beyond reach of successful rivalry. They exercise over the rest of America, over all that amazing congeries of raw and imitative communities, the abiding attraction of an older and more settled civilization. It is an attraction sometimes denied, often resented and derided, but always felt. The most flamboyant of Western Senators would admit, with whatever reservations, that the Eastern States are America's front door and the Atlantic the highway leading to it. Their propinquity to Europe makes them the jumping-off place for the annual exodus of American tourists. The whole course of America's historical development, reinforced by the accident of geography and the trend of Commerce, has, in fact, operated to invest the Eastern States with a relative importance that the West even now has barely begun to dispute. And this deflection of the American mind and of American interests towards the eastern sea-board has extended, inevitably enough, over the Atlantic and over Europe. Situated between Europe and Asia, the United States has grown up with all her affiliations overwhelmingly European. From Europe she derived her language, her laws, her culture, her system of government, and practically all her peoples. The

Atlantic was an avenue of bustling commerce while the Pacific remained a watery desert, and European examples, conditions, and movements engaged American thought and reacted with an instantaneous intimacy upon American interests while Asia preserved her inert and unresponsive aloofness. The chances of politics confirmed the exclusive ascendancy of Europe and the Atlantic in the scale of American fortunes. The Revolution was fought out in the Eastern States and on the Atlantic. Except for her brush with Mexico, America has been at war with none but European Powers. Her "traditional" enemy was Great Britain. Outside of London, Paris, and Madrid her diplomacy has been virtually inactive. Girdled on three sides with a chain of foreign holdings, it is with Europe she has dealt in settling the questions their neighborhood has provoked. The Monroe Doctrine was expressly formulated as a barrier between Europe and South America. It was with a single eye to European competition that Americans framed their fiscal policy. At every crisis of their development, in the war of independence, at the time of the Louisiana purchase, and during the Civil War, they found the enmity or goodwill of Europe a factor not to be ignored. Ten thousand links bound and still bind them to Europe for every one that has been forged with the Asiatic mainland. It was inevitable, therefore, that when they looked abroad it should be in the direction of Europe, and that their naval power should be concentrated on that ocean which held the vast bulk of their commercial and political interests, and from which alone they had watched for the disturbing storms of foreign complications.

But within the past decade event after event has whittled down the importance of the Atlantic in the scheme

of American policy and strategy. The menace of war, never a very heavy one, has been dissipated, it is hardly too much to say, from Maine to Florida. Since the expulsion of Spain from Cuba and Porto Rico, the West Indies, as a possible source of conflict between the United States and any European Power, have practically ceased to exist. I do not mean to say that the West Indian problem, in which besides ourselves France, Denmark, and Holland are vitally interested, has been settled for all time, but that it has ceased to be an international and become, from the American standpoint, a domestic problem. The relations between the United States and Cuba, Porto Rico and San Domingo, like the future of our own West Indian possessions, propound several questions in statesmanship that have still to take final shape, and the solution of which is not by any means clear. Similarly the present status of the Danish West Indies can scarcely be looked upon as permanent. For nearly fifty years the Americans have tried spasmodically to purchase them. Their value to the United States consists solely in the usefulness of one of them—St. Thomas—as a naval base. The want of such a base was severely felt both in the Civil and the Spanish-American wars, and neither Cuba nor Porto Rico can quite furnish the Americans with what they are looking for—a large and safe deep-water harbor from which the Panama Canal, among other things, may be protected. St. Thomas precisely supplies this. Steamers and battleships of the heaviest draught can coal in security in the harbor of Charlotte Amalie. The entrance to it is narrow and almost landlocked, and the island in addition is furnished with a large dry-dock and cable station. Half a century ago it was the *rialto* of the West Indies, the meeting place and the distributing

centre of the South American trade. Now that the merchants purchase direct in the European and American markets, its commercial importance has almost vanished; but it still remains, as an American Admiral once described it, "the keystone of the West Indian arch, the central point from which any or all of the West Indian islands may be assailed." Forty-one years ago Denmark agreed to part with both St. Thomas and St. John for £1,500,000, but the United States Senate, through its Committee on Foreign Relations, reported adversely on the proposal. Since the Spanish war it is the United States that wishes to buy and Denmark that appears reluctant to sell. The Danish Upper House rejected in 1902 an offer of £1,000,000 for the three islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix. They have belonged to Denmark for two hundred years, and their system of administration is mild and equitable; but latterly, owing to the changed conditions of trade, the fall in the price of sugar, and the McKinley and Dingley Tariffs, they have ceased to pay their way, and are now heavily in debt to the Imperial exchequer. Nevertheless a sense of national dignity, the increasing trade between Baltic ports and Central America, and the prospect of a much greater expansion when the canal through the Isthmus is actually cut, have hitherto kept the country loyal to the colonists. The islanders themselves, being mainly negroes, with a full knowledge of how the negroes are treated in the Southern States, and of the uncertain political and commercial status which is the lot of all the American insular possessions, are anything but anxious to come under the Stars and Stripes. One can hardly doubt, however, that eventually, perhaps before very long, they will be gathered into the American fold. But the problem of their fate is one that

by no stretch of the imagination can be called serious either in its present form or in any form it is at all likely to assume. No one, that is, can conceive it possible that the United States will ever forcibly seize the Danish West Indies. They will become American by amicable purchase or not at all. In the same way the destiny of the French and British possessions in the Caribbean will develop, so far as it is possible to foresee, without disturbing the relations between Washington and either Paris or London; and the only reason why one hesitates to say the same of Dutch Guiana is that the future of Holland and of the Dutch colonies may be influenced, if not controlled, by Germany—a possibility not without its risk to the durability of German-American friendship. But with Cuba, Porto Rico, San Domingo, and the Danish West Indies brought more or less definitely within the sphere of American influence; with the French and British possessions pursuing their career of placid unsuccess, and with the question of Dutch Guiana not yet above the horizon of politics, it is safe to say that, for our time at all events, the Caribbean has been deprived of its last element of international friction. The storms that blow from it in the future may often beat upon America, but will no longer threaten to embroil her with any other Power.

Again, the revolution that has taken place in Anglo-American relations within the last ten years is another and potent guarantee for the peace of the Atlantic sea-board. There are questions still pending between the United States on the one hand, and Canada and Newfoundland on the other, but though intricate, they are in no sense menacing; the spirit in which they are approached is the spirit of reasonableness and amity; and the idea that any one of them, or all of

them put together, could result in a war between the United States and Great Britain would, I believe, be rejected as monstrous and incredible by the people of both countries. The diplomacy of the past decade has wiped off the slate every Anglo-American issue of any consequence, and the future relations of the two countries, so far, at least, as I am capable of perceiving, would seem to be those of assured confidence and good-will. From time to time there may, and no doubt will, be small explosive disagreements, but I do not think that any American would now regard the British holdings in and around the American continent, and the occasional disputes to which they necessarily give rise, as containing the potentiality of any trouble serious enough to affect the naval strategy of the United States. It would be exceedingly interesting to have Captain Mahan's opinion on this point—to get from him, that is, a statement such as only he could give of the extent to which, in the revised condition of Anglo-American sentiment, the disposition of the American naval forces is or should be influenced by the proximity of the British possessions. I imagine that he might easily hold that Canada, Jamaica, and the rest might now be almost, if not quite, disregarded in determining the strength and whereabouts of the American fleet, and that, like the Caribbean, Great Britain has practically ceased to disturb American tranquillity. The present cruise gives, indeed, the measure of the distance the United States has travelled from the point of view that made the Venezuela Message possible. Fifteen years ago, when the operative opinion of the American masses was excitedly anti-British, clouded by suspicion, and stimulated by many contentious issues, no President could have ventured on a manœuvre that left the whole Atlantic

coast-line indefinitely exposed to invasion.

Finally, there is the Monroe Doctrine. It is a commonplace of observation that the last ten years or so have witnessed on the part of all European Powers a growing acquiescence in the principle enunciated by that doctrine. That is partly because the Monroe Doctrine has ceased to be a doctrine merely, and has become, thanks to President Roosevelt, a fact pointed with ships and guns, and weighted with reciprocal responsibilities. The growth of the American Navy has finally knocked on the head any ambition than any European Power may have cherished of effecting a lodgment on South American soil. The future of South America is admittedly a subject for speculation as obscure as it is fascinating. It may be, and probably will be, bloody, tangled, and convulsive. But the wildest speculator on its possible developments would not now include among them the contingency of a war waged by a European Power with the United States for the possession of even an inch of South American territory. The dream of colonizing South America under the flag of any one of the Great Powers has been definitely shattered, and the principle of regarding South America as, in this respect, a *terra clausa* is now accepted, in fact, though not in theory, as an international axiom. The universal subscription to it has followed all the more readily from the tangible evidence not only of America's determination, but of her ability, to enforce the Doctrine against all comers. But it has also been helped by President Roosevelt's enlargement of the Doctrine from a negative embargo to a policy of positive action. The Doctrine to-day is not the one-sided pronouncement that it seemed to be in the Olney days. President Roosevelt has recognized that it confers responsibilities

as well as privileges, and that while it arrogates to the United States the right of supervising Europe's conduct towards South America, it also lays on her the duty of supervising the conduct of South America towards Europe. Indeed, the development of the Monroe Doctrine from now onwards is far more likely to be concerned with the relations between the United States and South America than with the relations between the United States and Europe. If the Monroe Doctrine entails the liability of enforcing what Mr. Roosevelt has comprehensively summed up as "decency" among such people as the Venezuelans, Nicaraguans, and Costa Ricans, then the Monroe Doctrine is not likely to remain inactive. But its activities will no longer be international, but domestic. That is to say, they will turn, to a degree hitherto unparalleled, on the dealings of the United States with the South American Republics themselves.

These three factors—the virtual disappearance of the West Indies, of Great Britain, and of the Monroe Doctrine as menaces to the peace of the United States—have, as it seems to me, sensibly detracted from the political and strategical importance of the Atlantic in the periphery of American policy. If the possibility of a war with Great Britain may be eliminated as well as the possibility of a struggle with any European Power over the West Indies or the Monroe Doctrine, it follows that the naval force necessary for the protection of American interests in the Atlantic may be reduced without danger to little more than a mere police squadron. On the other hand, within the last ten years the Pacific has risen enormously in the scale of American interests. Since 1898 the United States has strewn the Pacific with stepping-stones from Hawaii to the Philippines. She has

built up an export trade to the Far East worth, I suppose, £30,000,000 a year. She has landed an army on Chinese territory. She has been drawn, willy-nilly, into the vortex of the Far Eastern question. She has played in the evolution of that question an active, often a leading, always a distinctive, part. She has formulated policies and taken a hand in momentous negotiations. She has definitely enrolled the Far East among the objects of her diplomatic solicitude. How vast a revolution all this implies any one may realize by throwing his mind back ten years and recalling how entirely, before the Spanish war, the Chinese crisis failed to interest either the American people or the American statesmen; how Russia's policy in Manchuria, France's in Yunnan and Kwangsi, and Germany's in Shangtung developed without a word of protest from Washington; how the seizure of Kiaochow was regarded by the "man in the cars" with a wholly impersonal detachment; and how the fight for the open door was maintained by Great Britain alone without the smallest sign of American assistance. Things have altered a good deal since then. The possession of the Philippines and all the political and strategic responsibilities entailed by it, the participation in the suppression of the Boxer rising, the expanding recognition of the supreme importance to the future of American trade of the open door, the not less expanding realization that, with the exception of Japan, no country is so well situated as the United States, industrially and geographically, to make the most and the best of the development of China, the exciting incidents in the diplomatic war waged by Mr. Hay for the evacuation of Manchuria, the beginning of actual work on the Panama Canal, the interest aroused by the stern diplomatic duel that led up to the Russo-

Japanese war, the emotions so profoundly stirred by the war itself and by the leap of a new, inscrutable, and most formidable Power on the very edge of Asia to the front rank among the nations—all these events have transformed American indifference to the fortunes of the Far East into a real, tingling, and vigilant concern. It did not need the Chinese boycott of American goods or the outbreak of the trouble with Japan over the immigration question to convince an impartial onlooker that America's relations with the Powers of the Far East would before very long be more immediate, of greater moment, and possibly of greater hazard, than her relations with the Powers of Europe.

In the light of the considerations I have thus roughly summarized, the voyage of the American Fleet takes on the significance of a political demonstration that, so far from being aimless or provocative, is no more than the necessary and completing coping-stone on a series of antecedent developments—developments, let me add, that long preceded and will long survive the present dispute between the Governments of Washington and Tokyo. Its fundamental justification lies in the results of the Spanish war and in the events which have since brought home to Americans as a political fact what they had previously only half realized as a geographical abstraction—that the United States fronts on two oceans. International developments which I need not now particularize made it advisable that British naval power, instead of being scattered all over the world, should be largely massed in home or, at any rate, in European waters. Developments not less compelling have convinced American statesmen that the back-door of the United States can no longer be left unguarded, and that as a sphere of American interests the Pacific counts

politically for as much as, and in the future may count for more than, the Atlantic. A condition of things under which America's heaviest liabilities were being incurred in one ocean while her fleet was stationed in another could not be permanent; and the sound view of the present redistribution of American sea-power is, in my judgment, that it is a somewhat tardy linking of policy with strategy, of responsibility with force, and of diplomacy with the material means that can alone make diplomacy effective. In restoring in this dramatic and convincing fashion the union between the instruments of American power and the course of American policy, the United States is not only absolutely within her rights, but is taking a step that the compulsion of circumstances had rendered, if anything, overdue. The battleships do not precede a national change of front; they follow and register it. They foreshadow, no doubt, the systematic assertion of American power in the Pacific, but American interests in that ocean, commercial, political, and territorial, have already been neglected too long; and the very fact that the transfer of the fleet from one American port to another should have startled opinion both at home and abroad, should have pliqued curiosity and aroused apprehensions, is in itself the strongest proof that it was imperatively needed. No nation could permanently allow itself to be hampered by the tradition that of its two coast-lines one might be trusted to take care of itself while the other was to enjoy a virtual monopoly of the national means of defence. The dispatch of the American Fleet is essentially the rectification of a lop-sided growth and of a distorted focus. It is an adjustment of America's sea-power to the plain facts of her geographical position. It fills in a gap in her national equipment that threatened to

grow perilously wide. It is a new departure only in the sense that it implies the official recognition of conditions that have long obtained and that the many converging influences I have enumerated above have too long obscured from the popular comprehension. On any rational survey of America's external liabilities, it is as natural a proceeding, and as free from any hint, of menace, as the concentration of the Home or Channel Fleet first at one British port and then at another. The magnitude of the undertaking, its expense, the enormous distances to be covered, and the riotous commentaries of the American Press have somewhat blinded the world to its fundamental simplicity and its indefeasible propriety. Its overriding significance, so far as my power of interpretation goes, is that America has awakened to the necessity of emphasizing her two-fold frontage and of demonstrating that in the struggle for the rulership of the world's greatest ocean, and in the complex questions beneath the shadow of which that struggle is being waged, she intends to play the part that her heavy commitments have thrust upon her.

I am very well aware that the voyage of the American Fleet has been officially minimized in Washington as a manœuvre of no particular consequence, a mere "practise cruise," "simply a matter of routine in the management and drill of the navy," and of no more significance than the familiar and always welcome appearances of American squadrons in European waters. And it must, of course, be obvious that sixteen battleships cannot make a voyage of thirteen thousand miles without a certain amount of technical benefit; without testing, for instance, the foresight and organizing capacities of the Navy Department; without revealing defects that might otherwise have remained undis-

covered until it was too late to remedy them; without promoting a more thorough understanding between officers and men; without adding to their knowledge of their ships as units and as parts of a moving whole; and without learning much that is worth knowing of the innumerable factors of coal, water, and food supply that go to the making of an effective and self-dependent fleet in being. But from the standpoint of preparation for war it is, I believe, equally true that long voyages went out with sails; that thirteen thousand miles of ding-dong churning, under the easiest possible draught, are almost wholly destructive of the conditions which experience hitherto has accepted as the basis of training at sea, and so far from throwing light on the fighting efficiency of the fleet, are more likely to furnish a prolonged and expensive example of what to avoid; and that the advantages, such as they are, accruing to the *personnel* of the squadrons from four months of practically continuous steaming, must be very largely offset by the progressive deterioration of the machinery. However this may be, it is, I think, impossible with any pretence of seriousness to argue that the voyage from Hampton Roads to the Pacific has been planned at a cost of two millions sterling with an eye solely, or even mainly, fixed upon points of naval discipline or equipment or administration, or, indeed, upon any point of merely professional moment. Whatever its technical value it cannot, without an abdication of all one's critical faculties, be considered either in fact or in intention, and still less in its consequences, as other than a predominantly political move.

Among those consequences the first and greatest, as I have said, is that an unmistakable point is now given to the Imperial consciousness of the United States, and to the widening

range of her interests and diplomacy in the Pacific Ocean. Up to quite recently it was possible to maintain that while the United States was a "World-Power" in fact, she had not accepted, and did not quite realize, the inevitable responsibilities of her new position; that she had an Empire but little or no sense of Empire; and that she would not quite acknowledge that the possession of Hawaii and the Philippines was bound sooner or later to prove incompatible with the old ideal of diplomatic seclusion and non-interference. Similarly, although her stake in the commercial future of the Far East was proclaimed to be a national interest of the first importance, it had scarcely dawned upon America that something more might be needed for its protection than dispatch-writing, representations, and the pressure of "moral suasion." The late Mr. Hay, who did more than any other American to awaken national interest in the affairs of the Far East, must often have felt that he was somewhat in the position of a Bismarck with no Moltke in the background, and must often have been depressed by the reflection that his diplomatic activities rested rather on bluff than on the implication of force; and that his countrymen had not yet reached the point of grasping as a hard and constant fact the pregnant common-sense of the Kaiser's dictum: "If anything has to be done in this world, the pen will be powerless to carry it through unless backed by the force of the sword." The transfer of the American fleet to the Pacific is the clear intimation that the country understands, and accepts as the basis of its Far Eastern policy, what is, after all, the elementary condition of all successful diplomacy. As a result of this momentous advance towards a comprehension of the determining fact of international politics, a great popular interest in naval ques-

tions and a large and steady increase in American sea-power are bound to follow. It may be that the ultimate distribution of the naval forces of the United States will take the form of a comparatively small squadron in the Atlantic and a much larger one in the Pacific. What may at any rate be anticipated with some assurance is that from now onwards a powerful fleet will be permanently maintained in the Pacific. By a single stroke of matured decisiveness President Roosevelt has burned it into the national consciousness that the present naval strength of the country is insufficient for the protection of its two coast-lines, and that American interests can only be safeguarded in the Pacific by leaving the Atlantic sea-board bare and defenceless. Moreover, he has repeated on a far larger scale and with every circumstance of telling effect the lesson revealed ten years ago by the famous cruise of the *Oregon*—that the building of the Panama Canal is for the United States a strategic necessity of the most crucial importance. These are demonstrations that will penetrate both Congress and people with a fresh zeal to spare neither money nor energy in hastening the construction of the Isthmian waterway, and with a fresh determination to regulate the national shipbuilding programme by the new-found formula of the "two-ocean standard." Pointed by the German Navy Bill, which is regarded by Americans as Germany's challenge to a contest for the second place among naval Powers, the voyage of the battle-ships to the Pacific has given the United States almost the first glimpse of her naval requirements and deficiencies, and has thrilled her with a vehement resolve to create and maintain "a navy inferior to that of Great Britain alone." Even journals that are most hostile to the President and began by criticizing the cruise, now

admit that the official programme of naval construction, "is the one demand of the Roosevelt administration in which all American patriots who possess any foresight and sense of duty must concur." As is inevitable among a mainly inland people, American enthusiasm for the navy has hitherto been short-lived, but it can hardly, I think, be doubted that the object-lesson of the present voyage will lead to a substantial increase of American sea-power both in the Atlantic and the Pacific; and though our own naval calculations are apparently based on the assumption that Great Britain and the United States can never again be at war, this is a development by which neither we nor any other maritime Power with a stake in either ocean can fail to be affected. But though these are the larger and more direct consequences of a manœuvre which Admiral Gervais has accurately appraised as one of the most memorable incidents in the naval history of the world, they are not likely to be the only ones. The voyage affords an unequalled opportunity for impressing the imagination of the South American Republics, for riveting the many bonds of sympathy and goodwill forged by Mr. Root's recent tour, and for cultivating friendly relations with States whose importance to the commercial future of the United States is just beginning to be realized. Again, the rendezvous for the squadrons under Rear-Admiral Evans' command, and for the far smaller force that is already stationed in the Pacific, is Magdalena Bay, and its manifest superiority over every other naval base along the Pacific coast-line of the United States may result in overtures for its permanent lease—a long-cherished project being made to the Mexican Government. After a month spent in target practice and manœuvres the united squadrons leave for San Francisco.

Thanks to the undignified and somewhat injudicious mystery in which the entire voyage has been enveloped, their future movements are problematical. But, if, as seems likely, they cross the Pacific, drop anchor in Manila Bay and return to the Atlantic *via* the Suez Canal, one may safely predicate for the most powerful armada that will ever have been seen in the Far East a vast enhancement of American influence and prestige throughout the Orient, and especially, where it will best serve American interests, throughout China.

It would, however, be ridiculous to ignore the fact that in the eyes of the average American the voyage of the fleet is intimately bound up with the unhappy dispute that for the last fifteen months has engaged the diplomats of Washington and Tokyo. The swaggering and hysterical recklessness which the American papers, or most of them, inject into the discussion of foreign affairs has not failed to link the dispatch of "the armada" with the problem of Japanese immigration in the most sinister, contemptuous, and provocative fashion. That problem has not, indeed, grown any easier of solution since I discussed its general features in this *Review* thirteen months ago.¹ It passed, however, last February into a somewhat new phase. The American Congress adopted on February 18th an amendment to the Immigration Act prohibiting the emigration of Japanese from Mexico, Canada, the Panama Canal zone, and Hawaii into the United States. The Japanese Government, it has to be remembered, does not issue permits to its subjects for emigration to America. It has no desire to see them settle there so long as Korea and Manchuria are still in process of colonization. On the other hand, it does issue permits to those Japanese who wish to join the large

and flourishing colony of their fellow-countrymen in Hawaii, where over a third of the population is Japanese, and where Japan's interests, commercial and political, form an asset that Tokyo is rightly and shrewdly anxious to preserve. It is *via* Hawaii that the main stream of Japanese emigration debouches on California. The new law did not forbid Japanese coolies to settle on the American territory of Hawaii. It merely declared that if they did so they must either stay there or return to Japan, and that they could not be permitted to pass over to the mainland. The law has not, I believe, been challenged in the courts, and the doubt as to whether the President has the Constitutional power to forbid an alien who has legally entered one section of American territory to leave it if he chooses and enter another section, remains therefore unresolved. But whether legal or illegal, it is clear that the law was no more than a provisional device for calming California. It was the outcome of an arrangement between the President and the Californian representatives, by which the latter undertook to re-open the white schools of San Francisco to Japanese pupils, while the former agreed to drop the suits he had instituted against the San Francisco Board of Education, to urge Congress to amend the Immigration Act in the way I have described, and to negotiate an exclusion treaty that would settle the whole question with the Japanese Government. It had, moreover, several defects. It was devised and carried out without consulting Tokyo; it is not agreeable to Japanese sentiment, nor does it coincide with the Japanese interpretation of their existing Treaty rights—rights which the American Government has practically confessed its inability either to ascertain or to enforce. Furthermore, it has not proved diffi-

¹ *THE LIVING AGE*, Feb. 9, 1907.

cult of evasion. The Japanese still come in, and the Californians in Congress are now agitating for a law of exclusion on the Chinese model, and will unquestionably make the whole subject a leading issue from end to end of the Pacific Slope in the coming Presidential campaign. Japan meanwhile feels that she cannot submit to being treated as in any way an inferior people, and, if my information is correct, has declined even to discuss the question of an exclusion Treaty; and the prospects of the adoption of a reciprocal agreement excluding American laborers from Japan and Japanese laborers from America seem very slight. Both Governments, it should be added, have found it necessary to recall their Ambassadors during the progress of the negotiations, and President Roosevelt's recent Message to Congress was absolutely and significantly silent on the entire matter. The present situation, therefore, it seems fair to conclude, is one of some delicacy, though not, I think, of actual gravity. A rather perplexing deadlock, and one not wholly free from some unpleasant possibilities of friction, has apparently been reached, but both Governments are endeavoring to find the way out in a spirit of amicable goodwill, and with a full consciousness that on the question of reducing Japanese immigration into the United States to the lowest possible figure their interests are really identical. It ought not to be beyond the power of diplomacy to attain this end without threats on the one side or a loss of dignity and prestige on the other; but the official search for a friendly and equitable settlement is undoubtedly compromised by the cock-a-whoop heedlessness of the American Press; by the turbulence of San Francisco; by the assistance which the representatives of the Pacific States will receive from Southern Congressmen and the Labor Party in pressing

forward an Exclusion Act; and by the power for good or evil—usually for the latter—which the delicately adjusted scheme of American politics puts in the hands of an organized and determined minority.

It is not easy to persuade oneself that these influences will be in any way discouraged by the arrival of the fleet in the Pacific. The Californians appear to regard it as little less than an official endorsement of their fervid anti-Orientalism, and it is as certain as anything can be that if and when the battleships anchor off the Golden Gate, their advent will be made the occasion of an unrestrained demonstration against Japanese immigration. In the present state of feeling along the Pacific Slope it is inevitable that the transfer of practically all the American battleships from the Atlantic to the Pacific should be popularly construed as Washington's reply to Tokyo's refusal to agree to any form of exclusion treaty, should wear the somewhat disquieting aspect of a "demonstration" against Japan, and should be taken as extending the sanction of Government to the methods and propaganda of the Asiatic Exclusion Leagues. This is a risk so obvious that it must have been foreseen, and cannot, indeed, be avoided unless the fleet is ordered to drop California from its itinerary; and its not less obvious result must be to complicate a situation already none too simple. A dispassionate observer will, however, I think, conclude that an intensification of the differences between the two Governments and the two peoples will have to proceed very far before the United States and Japan are brought within measurable distance of a rupture. He will reflect upon the proved moderation of President Roosevelt's statesmanship; upon the admirable restraint and prudence of the Japanese Government; upon the heavy bonds of

commercial, political, and strategic compulsion under which the United States lies to retain the goodwill of a Power that is and must long continue the arbiter of the destinies of the Far East; upon the incredible folly of which Japan would be guilty were she to jeopardize her task of financial reconstruction and interrupt her march towards the commercial domination of the Orient by plunging into a conflict that involves no fundamental point of national security, and from which neither party could hope to win any permanent benefit; and upon the comparative triviality of the issue that separates the two Powers. Considerations such as these leave, as it seems to me, an ample margin for peace, even though the agitators of the Pacific Coast add to the intemperance of their speech and the violence of their actions; even though "incidents" multiply, and even though Congress passes an Act that will prohibit Japanese coolie immigration as effectually as foreign

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laborers by Imperial edict are excluded from Japan. The whole dispute, in my judgment, is only one, and by no means the most weighty, of the many circumstances that have prompted the voyage of the American fleet. It contributes its share, no doubt, to the conditions and the problems that within the last decade have inexorably forced the politics of the Pacific upon the attention of American statesmen, and have rendered inevitable that recasting of the lines of American policy of which the cruise of the battleships is the pregnant symbol. But its importance is ephemeral and insignificant by the side of those permanent, revolutionary, and long-maturing developments which, as I have tried to show, are changing, and to a large degree have already changed, the direction of America's political interests and anxieties, and which must in consequence profoundly affect the disposition of her naval power.

Sydney Brooks.

THE TIMES.

The Times, which has been so successful in startling its readers in recent years, did so yet more effectually on the 7th of last January. Its previous efforts in this line have taken the shape of excursions outside its natural sphere. It has become the proprietor of an Encyclopædia and the publisher of an Atlas. In the person of one of its Staff it has written a history of a great war. It has started a circulating library, and has done its best to bring publishers to a proper sense of their ignorance of their own business. These successive essays have been received with very various feelings. To some of us they have been a cause of unmingled regret. We are not yet emancipated from the old-fashioned notion that a newspaper best con-

sults its reputation when it sticks to its own proper function. The Universal Provider may have his use when the needs of the kitchen, the dinner-table and the wardrobe have to be satisfied at the same time; but the supply of news and the guidance of opinion are functions too important to be combined with the latest developments of modern shop-keeping. Still, as we got accustomed to each fresh experiment, they came to be viewed with less regret. Our first fear had been that they were but the prelude to further changes—to changes that would affect the structure of the newspaper itself. New classes of readers had come into being since the days when *The Times* stood alone as the one organ of English opinion to the world outside. Might

not these changes be merely the prelude to others more revolutionary still—changes in the amount and character of the news given, and in the tone and purpose of the comments made on it? As these fears proved groundless, as we went on finding the same amount of foreign telegrams, the same reports of Parliamentary debates, the same subordination of sensational news to news of real importance, we grew indifferent. We still had our *Times*, and we were happy.

The announcement of January 7 gave fresh life and meaning to an old alarm. The newspaper, we then learned, is to be "formed into a limited company. The business management will be reorganized by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the proposed managing director." It is true that this was immediately followed by a further statement that "the editorial character of the paper will remain unchanged, and it will be conducted, as in the past, on lines independent of party politics." Standing by itself nothing can be more satisfactory. *The Times* is to be in the future what it has been in the past. There may be changes in the business arrangements, but of these the reader will know nothing. So long as the paper remains the same the new managing director may do what he will as regards special trains and contracts with Messrs. Smith or Messrs. Wyman. Still, the question—the disquieting question—will present itself. Where in all this is the special need of Mr. Pearson? No doubt his name is well known in journalism. But Mr. Moberly Bell has not exactly blushed unseen, nor have his business methods gone without their meed of praise from a large circle of admirers. In what particulars is it expected that Mr. Pearson will outdo the manager he replaces? He has lived well in the public eye. He has started many maga-

zines, he has been the creator of one London newspaper, he has become, by purchase, the proprietor of another, he has amalgamated two evening journals of long standing into one. Which of these successes is it that has marked him out to be the managing director of a reconstituted *Times*? It cannot be the fame of *Pearson's Weekly*, widely as that journal is advertised. It cannot be the character he has stamped upon *The Daily Express*, for however well this may suit its special readers, it is not likely that many of them are also readers of *The Times*. It can hardly be his management of *The Standard*, for in this case he found a reputation long since made, and whatever may have been his success in maintaining it, it will hardly be contended that it has become a better paper in his hands. Under Mr. Pearson, says one enthusiast, when welcoming the change, *The Times* "will now 'go with the times' in all that makes for modern journalistic success, in the adaptability of the methods of business to the demands of the twentieth century." To me these seem to be words of fear. I do not deny that the papers which are most associated with "modern journalistic success" have supplied a want. They found a huge body of new readers coming into existence, and they set themselves to cater for what they assume would be their natural tastes. I am by no means sure that if they had ventured to take a bolder view of what this new public would accept they might not have done better for their reputation and not less well for their pockets. They, however, judged differently, and made the cheap press as we know it. With the one instance, however, in which that press has been a gigantic success, Mr. Pearson's name does not happen to be associated.

But admitting this, admitting even that in a minor capacity he has shared

in this success, how is he thereby marked out as the man who is to combine the two purposes of keeping *The Times* the paper it is, while making it the property which, presumably, it is not? For the success of the new journalism is not wholly due to the novelty of its business methods. That has been one cause, no doubt, but it has not been the only, or even the chief, cause. The most perfect arrangements for bringing a newspaper into public notice will count for little if the notice is, after all, withheld. The new journalism had the further merit of giving its public what they liked. They might equally have liked something better if that something had been offered them; but there can be no question that they liked what they got. They liked having the process of reading made as easy as possible. They liked having facts and arguments supplied them in inch-long paragraphs. They liked being informed of the sayings and doings, real or imaginary, of smart people. They liked to fancy themselves in Bond Street or the Park on a spring morning, and to have the imaginary conversations of those who really were there narrated by specially retained ladies' maids. They liked, in the moments they could snatch from these absorbing themes, to have their prejudices given an appearance of reason for the space of two paragraphs. To many this will seem a harsh description of the dainties which are served up every morning to all who care to taste them. But, even if it be harsh, even if the contents of the newspapers in question do no positive harm, even if their readers would not tolerate anything better, why should success in this line give any assured promise of equal success in a wholly different field? It is the difficulty of understanding this that makes the announcement in *The Times* disturbing. We seem to be forced back upon some

explanation which is not included in the words I have quoted. Are we to look for it, then, in the political antecedents of the new managing director? We ought to be comforted, perhaps, by the assurance that *The Times* will still be conducted on lines "independent of party politics." But what newspaper ever acknowledges that it is going to be a purely party journal? Independence is seldom openly disclaimed. I am not in the least inclined to question the honesty of the statement in *The Times*. Tariff Reformers and Free Traders are alike in this—that they regard the fiscal policy they prefer as something altogether above party politics; something so essential to the welfare of the nation as a whole that it deserves to be, and in the end will be, recognized as the common property of all parties. Now Mr. Pearson is credited with being a Tariff Reform stalwart, an organizer of fiscal victory. The choice of him as managing director may have only an accidental connection with this fact. But it is impossible not to feel that it may be something more, that it may herald, not the conversion of *The Times* to Tariff Reform, for that has long been effected, but its adoption of that exclusive—and excluding—method of advocating the cause from which its conductors have hitherto, and especially of late, dissociated themselves. It may be said, of course, that I am mixing up two distinct things, the business control and the editorial control. I admit that they are distinct. I admit that the one is concerned with the means by which the paper is made to sell, and the other with the opinions and principles for which it seeks to gain acceptance. But where the fortunes of a great undertaking are concerned, the two elements tend to get confused, and the managing director may be tempted to say to the editor, "I know that the politics of the paper are your busi-

ness, but the sale of the paper is my business, and I feel bound to tell you that this is being injured by the political line you are taking." So long as only two persons, the managing director and the editor, are involved in this controversy—a controversy, be it remembered, on which great financial issues may hang—no harm need come of it. But behind the managing director may be yet greater figures, the men who have provided the capital without which the paper cannot go on. If their confidence in the manager has its origin in something deeper than mere admiration of his methods, if it is based on identity of political objects, the permanence of the editorial character of the paper may be seriously endangered. The ethics of journalism present no more difficult problem than the reconciliation of the editor's conscience with the proprietor's, when, as must sometimes happen, the two are sharply opposed. The responsibility of the editor is the more direct and complete, inasmuch as it extends to everything that is inserted in his paper. But the responsibility of the proprietor is real in the last resort, since but for his capital the paper would cease to appear. The difficulties which arise from this cause will plainly be greater as the proprietors grow in number, and in the case of *The Times* we are told, with something like authority, that there is to be added to the directorate at least one well-known name which has already been associated with Mr. Pearson's political ventures. Still, it has been said, with some appearance of information if not of authority, that those who are to be concerned in the new management realize as fully as do the gentlemen who have so long been connected with the conduct of *The Times* editorially that nothing would be more fatal to the interests of the new company than to alter in any way

"its tone and complexion," and with this we must for the present be content.

What is it that makes *The Times* exactly what it is? I should be disposed to reply that there are three things: the fulness of its Parliamentary Reports, the character of its foreign correspondence, and its method of treating party questions. In these respects, though with some possible deductions, it still holds a place of its own. Other newspapers, indeed, report in full the speeches of the two front benches, but to none of them can we look with anything like certainty for even an approach to fulness as regards the speeches of members who do not hold this position. Other newspapers give us excellent letters from their foreign correspondents in an exciting crisis—better, it may be, than what we find in *The Times*—but in none of them are we sure of finding that daily page of news from all countries, even when the contents of the telegram have no special interest, and are valuable less for themselves than for the assurance which the supply of them creates that nothing will happen in any part of the civilized world without our being informed of it. Other papers, again, will sometimes rise above party, and in this respect *The Times* has not of late years quite maintained its old character. But there are still subjects in which it has recently and markedly disregarded party associations with very great gain to the public interest.

By some people, it may be, I shall be thought to have attached too much importance to these three features. They will be inclined to hold that the journals which have relieved their columns of Parliamentary debates and of unimportant foreign news have thereby gained space for more interesting matter, while as regards politics a constant friend is better worth having, and a constant foe is less irritating, than

an advocate who seems retained for the prosecution to-day and for the defence to-morrow. That these views are pretty generally held must be inferred, I suppose, from the extent to which the conductors of newspapers have made them their own. Nor, as regards this or that paper, is there any fault to be found with them for so doing. A journalist is no more bound to take upon himself the function of educating his countrymen than an actor is bound to play high tragedy or a painter to be content with nothing less than life-size altar-pieces. There is room and to spare for light journalism as well as for serious, for the chronicler of the trifling incidents of every day as well as of the occasional revolutions which shake a continent. All I say is that if *The Times* disappeared and no other newspaper stepped into its place England would be very much the poorer. The characteristics I have mentioned are not characteristics that we can well spare.

As regards the first of them, the fulness of Parliamentary Reports, the tendency to curtail them is in part the result of a larger movement in which Parliament itself has shared. The House of Commons especially does not hold the place it once held in the esteem and affection of Englishmen. Two of its chief functions—the control of Ministerial action and the checking of public expenditure—have been weakened by partial disuse and by the increased importance attached to the legislative side of its work. The value of a session has come to be estimated almost wholly by the amount of its output. When the whole time of the House is given up to getting this or that government measure a stage further, Ministers and their supporters alike tend to regard the amount rather than the quality of their activity as their best title to public confidence. It is plain that this tendency is increased by

everything that withdraws the action of the House from the knowledge of those who elect it, and the newspapers are the one channel through which this knowledge can be obtained. To expect that all newspapers should make themselves this channel would be unreasonable as well as futile. The majority of them have been created for other purposes, and the intrusion of this one would in the long run put an end to their existence. It is the more important, therefore, that the few which are in a position to render this service to the nation should go on doing so, and among these few *The Times* has long been the chief. Its Parliamentary reports give a sufficiently full account of what goes on in both Houses to ensure that nothing that the electors ought to know will long be concealed from such of them as care to be informed of it, and though these will always be a minority, it is this minority that in the long run creates and maintains public opinion. In what plight we should be left if Parliamentary reporting became a lost art may be inferred from the ignorance which has already become our portion as regards the discussions in Grand Committee. A large part of our legislation is now carried on *in camera*, and if the reports in *The Times* were brought down to the level of all but a very few of its contemporaries this would be true of pretty well the whole. Nor is it to be supposed that even *The Times* will be under no temptation to make this change. To be well represented in the gallery costs money, and to a great number of readers the spectacle of column after column of Parliamentary speeches is among the least inviting that they can be offered. I am sure that the abridgement of these reports would greatly injure the usefulness of *The Times*, but I can quite believe that it would not affect its sale.

What has been said about Parlia-

mentary Reports is true in a lesser degree of the Foreign Correspondence. The action of this upon public opinion is much less direct than in the case of Debates. Only a small section of Englishmen—small, that is, in comparison with the great body of newspaper readers—take any continuous interest in the affairs of foreign countries. But it is only this small section that counts, since it is only their opinion that ordinarily weighs with those who have the conduct of our foreign policy. I do not mean that the picture of other countries which is daily presented in *The Times* is always fair, still less that it is always complete. I think that for some time past there have been cases in which the letters of a foreign correspondent have, perhaps unconsciously, taken their color from the view which *The Times* wishes to impress upon its readers of events and opinions abroad. Occasionally, too, a correspondent of strong opinions has been left in too exclusive possession of the field. I do not mean that he ought to be silenced, or that his letters should be toned down. It is essential to the value of a correspondent that he should speak his mind freely. But where this tendency to see only one side of a question or a policy is evident, something of the other side might occasionally be furnished from another source. The letters of the very able Paris correspondent of *The Times* supply two examples of what I mean. They give what I do not doubt is a very true picture of the present strength of the French government. But they tell us hardly anything about a real intellectual force in French politics: the Republican opposition. Numerically, of course, it is very weak, but intellectual force does sometimes turn weakness into strength, and I think it would be useful to English readers who do not read French newspapers to be told something about the party represented by M. Ribot in

the Chamber and by the *Journal des Débats* in the press. Quite apart from politics, France is now the theatre of a transformation of great interest in itself and of special interest to English Churchmen, who may some day, and that, possibly, not a very distant day, find themselves in a similar position. Yet how little we learn from *The Times* correspondent of the way in which disestablishment is working—how it is regarded in the country parishes, how it affects congregations, whether the clergy are becoming more—or less—unpopular, and a dozen other things which go to make up the picture which some of us wish to see unveiled. I do not mean, of course, that the Paris correspondent should be commissioned to make these inquiries. Competent as he is for his proper work, he would be very much at sea among *curés* and *conseils de fabrique*. But from time to time his letters might be supplemented by contributions from other correspondents, and in this way his account of what is going on in France be made more complete. I have rather wandered from my original point—the value of *The Times* foreign correspondence as it is. But suggestions towards its perfecting are in this case the best tribute to its present value.

The complete independence of party politics to which the new management lays claim is, I believe, beyond human attainment. If a man takes interest in politics at all, he will be disposed in favor of one party or another. He may indeed be more accurately described as disliking a particular set of opinions less rather than as loving it more, but even this amount of difference will, in most cases, be enough to determine the direction in which his sympathies will move. Apart, however, from this impossible detachment, there is another attitude which may usefully be maintained by a newspaper holding the position of *The Times*, and

one which it once maintained more continuously than it has of late. *The Times* was once the candid friend of the government of the day, to whichever party that government belonged. Enthusiastic partisans, no doubt, thought this a very unworthy part to play. What sincerity can there be in giving support to-day to the cabinet about to fall and to-morrow to the cabinet which has stepped into its place? But the government of the country is something more than the government of a party. An incoming ministry takes over the whole administrative work of its predecessor, and towards the discharge of this duty a great newspaper may render really invaluable aid. Its knowledge of public opinion and public sentiment is of longer standing and wider compass than politicians engaged in active party warfare can ordinarily possess, and as its editor will have been more or less in the confidence of successive Prime Ministers, any counsel that he may give will have something of the traditional and permanent element which attaches to the suggestions of the Sovereign. How valuable such an element may be in ministerial discussions we have lately learned from Queen Victoria's Letters. Over and above this, moreover, there is

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the steady influence which *The Times* has often exerted in moments of public excitement. For years past, for instance, it has been of the utmost use in creating and giving consistency to our naval policy. It has stimulated the Admiralty when they might have hesitated to incur necessary expenditure, it has defended it against those sudden panics which refuse to be allayed except by a large increase of expenditure which is already adequate. It has done another good work of the same kind in reference to the army. It has helped to unravel the inevitable complications of Mr. Haldane's scheme, and refused to make any use of the opportunities which those complications offered for the scoring of party triumphs.

Incidents such as these come naturally to the mind at the moment when those embarking in the new venture have to consider whether they shall maintain the character of the paper unchanged or sacrifice a great and distinct tradition to the possible attainment of a popularity which at best they must share with more than one rival. In common with every well-wisher to *The Times* I can but hope that they will prefer the more heroic course.

D. C. Lathbury.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XXIX.

IN THE OLD HOUSE.

The hero of this tale has, we fear, lost a little of the sympathy of our readers ere now. This is a practical and utilitarian age, which has but little patience for quixotic doings, forlorn hopes, and "adventures of faith"; it makes the best of "things as they are," and does not waste time or energy over dreams of what ought to be. And yet because the austere yet passionate

North is careless of the spirit of an age that has left her a century behind, and continues to produce occasionally just such men as Colin Stewart, we must speak the truth about him, whatever it may be.

Friday night's bitter and overwhelming experience in the Carran school had sent him into an agony of darkness from which he must emerge not altogether the man he had been. He had built two castles in his life. One, compact of light and flame, was his young

dream of love, and when he had sought to enter its portals it had fallen about him in an avalanche of pain and passion. The other he had reared slowly with toil and serious patience, and he had called it by a higher name than ambition, building fastidiously, rejecting this stone and that, making this house, as he would have acknowledged to himself in the depths of his heart, a temple to the glory of God. Now it lay in ruins, and the man suffered more than the boy had done.

At first he had been half-stunned by the blow Angus Bard had dealt him; then gradually during the hours of Friday night the whole scene—the story of the past, the Bard's passion, his own breakdown and ignominious exit from the place—had written themselves over again upon his consciousness. On Saturday morning Mr. M'Pherson and the Sergeant had come to him, urging him to stand, and trust to the votes of Port Erran and Ardgowan to gain the seat for him. He refused with a decision they could not overcome. In the face of a hatred based on such things as he had heard from the lips of the Bard on Friday night he could not stand. In his inmost soul he felt that his intent to serve Boronach had been rejected, not by the people alone, but by God also. Yet a determination to face the men of the place once more as a man made him insist on the intimation of a meeting on the following Monday. Mr. M'Pherson and the Sergeant left him in despair of shaking his resolution.

On Sabbath he had no thought of church. The time was distant yet when he could worship God in company with Angus Bard and the people of Boronach. Of Barabel he did not allow himself to think. About midday he left the inn, and strode through the deserted village and up the steep incline of the Carran road. The day was very hot and close, suggesting

thunder. Whin bushes by the dyke side blazed yellow, foxgloves like tall flames stood up here and there, myriads of tiny ants swarmed across the road, the sky was a dim hot blue. The Big Rock, scene of that old childish adventure of his, cast a cool shadow across the way, and the water drip-dripping from the mossy cleft up which he had climbed fell, as it had done then, with a tiny plashing upon the stones below. He passed the school, followed the windings of the loch-side, and crossed the field to the ruined cottage where he had passed his boyhood and young manhood. The thatch had rotted from the roof in some places, exposing bare black rafters, by the side of which the grasses grew and nodded, almost as luxuriantly as in the field below. The door was gone, and the living-room showed signs of having become a shelter for the lowest of those wayfarers who were once lodged beneath its roof. The box-bed had gone to pieces, but its framework remained—beams of wood running up into the rafters; and by the hearth the wooden settle still held together. Colin seated himself upon it, and, looking out to the loch, struggled with the problems of existence as he had done on that same settle many times in years past.

The fatalism of the mountains had gripped him once more. He felt himself a helpless weakling in the power of giant forces. Nothing a man might do was of any account, since the labors of a lifetime might be swept away in a moment, as a child gathers together and destroys with his hand the gossamer web of a spider. He began to look back over his life, and to review it from the time he had resolved in his young, serious, brooding boyhood to escape from the power of the Evil One and to follow God. It seemed to him now, that all his failure to succeed had come from that resolve

and from the habits of thinking and acting that had grown out of it. Had it not been for that, he would not have endured all these years in Boronach: he would have won distinction at college; would not have given away Mr. Corbett's legacy, and made himself a beggar for ungrateful people, who would no doubt have received help in some other way; he would not have hung back on a scruple a year ago, when he might have won the woman he loved. These things he had sacrificed his life to were chimeras after all—not anything practical or tangible, but mere dreams.

Was this, then, the continual end and reward of the "life of faith" Mr. Rory preached, and which had become, as it were, the breath of his soul? If so, men were better without it. It was not Fate, not a blind Force, that had pursued him. It was God,—he knew that. People might think as they liked, but His judgments followed him as they had followed his father and grandfather. His resolve, his faith, his high purposes—for they were high—made no difference. Even the curse of the old woman had become literally true to him as it had done to them. A verse from the Scripture rang in his ears, as though to mock him for a dreamer—"These all died in faith, not having received the promises." "Well," he said to himself, "that is history. It was always so."

A fierce slow anger burned in his breast against Boronach, and in particular against Angus Bard. He would not think of Barabel. For the time his love seemed as dead as his ambition. He thought for a few minutes at a time of what had happened, and of what he should say to the men of Boronach on Monday night,—how he should face them, and hurl truth at them, and leave them for always. Then his mind came back to larger, more awful problems. He remembered

that the Redeemer of men had not been prosperous. He had lived the life of faith, and died a death of shame and agony. Yet He had not failed. Must His followers fall in this present, insistent, desirable life, in order to succeed in another, shadowy and distant? For hours Colin sat in the crumbling house and thought. He could come at no answer to his riddle: life confronted him gray and hard,—there was no clear light anywhere; yet at last he summed up his conclusion with the slow deliberate passion of his boyhood and manhood in one. "I will follow Thee to eternity, O God," he said aloud. He continued to sit looking out on the loch, and felt somewhat as the shipwrecked mariner may when cast upon a rock in mid-ocean.

During the afternoon the sky had clouded over, and the loch had become dark. The heat had grown very oppressive, and towards evening drops of heavy rain fell, and presently the thunder-cloud burst. Colin, staring for hours out on the loch, was conscious of none of these changes. By-and-by heavy rain beat upon the roof, and fell through the rents in the thatch down to the earthen floor. It made a singing, swishing noise on the water. Still Colin did not observe it, nor did he awaken to the outside world till he heard the sound of running footsteps, and a woman holding her wet skirts about her stood in the doorway. She made a motion as though to turn, and then thinking better of it, came in under the crazy roof. Colin rose to his feet.

"Is it you?" he said in a low voice, staring stupidly at her.

It was Barabel, and she answered in the same low tone, as though she were in church or afraid of disturbing some one. "Yes, it is I. I was going to the Carran meeting, and the storm came on. I am going away now, though. It is better to go straight home when one is wet."

Colin said nothing, and Barabel did not go away. She sat down on the settle.

"I have something to say to you," she said. "I have been anxious to say it to you ever since Friday night."

Still Colin did not speak, but continued staring, as though she might disappear before he had seen her aright. There was something in his look that filled Barabel with a vague alarm for him,—a strange, dull, stunned look she did not like. The Sergeant was right. He was like a man who has received a blow. This was partly, no doubt, because he had not slept for two nights.

"Is it true," she asked, "that you have given up the contest—that you are not going to stand?"

After a few moments he answered that it was true.

"Colin," she said, "you will not do that,—you will not give in. It is not like you to give in."

He laughed. "Is it your father's daughter who says that to me?" he said.

Barabel started, and her color changed. "Yes," she answered, with a clear ring in her voice. "It is my father's daughter, Colin."

He grew as pale as death. "Do not speak to me," he said. "I do not know what I am saying, I think."

"I will speak to you," she said, "though I am my father's daughter. Colin, remember all he suffered, and try to forgive him. He made a mistake on Friday night,—he did not know you; and now that he has heard more about you, he has promised not to oppose you."

The man looked at her. "He has promised that?"

"Yes," she answered. "When he heard—when he knew—what you had done for the people, he said he would not interfere any more. He will stand back and let things go as they may."

"Barabel," said Colin, "it does not

make any difference. Do you think I could stand for Boronach after what has happened? Do you think I do not realize now that the Stewarts have sinned too deeply against this place to be forgiven? I thought I could wipe out a little of what was done, but I cannot,—God Himself is against it, I see. I will not fight against Him."

"Listen," said the girl. "I have something to tell you,"—and she told him all that Mr. Rory had said that morning in the church. He listened dully, leaning his head in his hands and looking on the earthen floor. When she had finished he thanked her for telling him, but he seemed little affected by what he had heard.

"I daresay he spoke the truth," he said, "but there has been a curse upon me all my life, Barabel,—I know that."

A sudden light flamed up in the girl's eyes. "Well," she cried, "and if there has been, does that set you free? Colin! Colin! Do you remember that night when we were children, when you told me about the vow you had made to help Boronach? Well, you have done that, have you not? You took the people through the distress, you kept the Carran people from eviction. It cost you something, but you did it. There was no curse on your vow, was there? And now if you will stand and win the contest, and go into Parliament, it will cost too, but you will get for the people what they need. I know you will. There will be no curse on that, and that is what you want, is it not?—that is better than love and praise and fine things for yourself."

Colin started as if he had been struck, but he did not look up. "Ah," she continued, her whole soul in her low voice, "do you remember what Mr. Rory used to say? Do you remember, Colin—'We never faced the wilderness for the manna and the quails'? Colin, you see these things so much better

than I do. Will you not do the work for Boronach, and leave the curse—if there is one—to God?"

Colin raised his head, and his eyes met hers. For a moment he forgot that she was the woman he loved, and their spirits met as they should meet again in that good country where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

"I do not know but you are right," he said at last, very slowly. "I had not thought of it like that." He got up and began pacing restlessly over the uneven floor. "I cannot force myself upon them," he said in a different tone.

"No," she answered quickly, "but you can contest the seat. If you lose—well, that is Providence indeed."

"Perhaps you are right," he said again, speaking slowly and painfully. "Well, perhaps you are right. Perhaps, then, I have been wrong."

The tears rose suddenly in Barabel's eyes as she watched him. To see him here in this house that held so many memories—to see such a change in him—to see such a leaden cloud on his brow, such heavy trouble in his eyes, was more than she could bear, and lest her courage should desert her, she began to talk at random.

"Is it not strange to be here again in this room?" she said, and looked about her at the holes in the roof and the wet floor and empty hearth. "Do you remember—such days as we had!" She forced herself to smile and to speak of old plays and foolish childish jokes, and Colin looked at her vaguely now and then, and when she laughed he did not laugh with her. "Do you remember the day I hid your trump," she said nervously—"the one I gave you—and how angry you were? And I went back to school without telling you where it was." She rose and crossed to the fireplace. "I wonder if it is still there," she said, and taking out a couple of loose

stones from the rough wall, she put in her hand and drew out a rusty Jew's harp. "To think it should be here still!" she said, and laughed lest she should weep. He took it from her, and, turning it over in his hands, laid it on the settle without a word. The action hurt her, somehow. "I must go away now," she said—"the rain is almost over. And, Colin, I must tell you; though we are such old friends, my father—he will not—he cannot forget past times, and I have promised him that we shall not see or speak with each other after this."

Colin stopped in his pacing and seemed of a sudden to awaken. "Why did you promise that?" he asked abruptly.

"Ah," she said, "because he is ill, Colin. He cannot live many years. He is worn out and broken down, and any worry helps to shorten his life, and I must do all I can for him, Colin—he is my father—and you will know, will you not, that I am your friend always—in—in kindness and goodwill."

"Friend!" he cried harshly—"friend! Is it true, then, that I am no more to you after all than a friend?"

His look smote her. To think Colin should look like this! "No," she answered, regarding him gravely, "it is not true."

He took a step nearer to her, his eyes questioning hers. "Barabel!" he stammered—"Barabel! Do you mean that? Do you tell me here—now—before heaven, that you mean it—that you love me?"

"I do, Colin," she answered him, her eyes meeting his.

He gave a little sob, and his face changed. "Now I know that God has not forsaken me," he said.

Her voice broke. "Ah, never, my dear," she cried, "never, never: and you will do His work, and I shall be proud of you, though I shall not see you: and you will stand for Boronach

—you will promise me that before I go?"

"God helping me," he answered her solemnly, "I will stand."

"Thank God!" she cried—"thank God, my dear"; and in a moment her courage and composure had forsaken her, and with the swift movements of her old untamed childhood she was gone out of the door into the glow of the evening sun and the last sil-

(To be continued.)

ver droppings of the thunder-shower.

Collin stood for a few moments like one dazed. Then his eye fell on the Jew's harp lying where he had laid it, and of a sudden heavy sobs shook him. He flung himself upon the settle, and kissing the rusty plaything, kissing the wood that she had touched, he burst into the storm and passion of a man's un wonted weeping.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY AND THE PUBLIC'S ATTITUDE THERETO.

The marked public interest taken in all matters pertaining to the stage is my excuse for taking up my pen to break through a rule which has been a very firm one with me all my professional life.

Let me explain that I served my apprenticeship as an actor before the days of modern advertisement, and drew my inspirations from men and women—and one great artist in particular—who taught me that the actor's duty was behind the proscenium and his best and most telling pronouncements were those made when the curtain was up. In that faith I have lived and worked earnestly and sincerely; and if I turn aside from that course now, it is because so many (as I think) false conditions have crept in between the actor and his public, and so many opinions are expressed, almost daily, which bear the marks of ignorance or inexperience, and, perhaps, some views of one who stands midway between what are known as the old and new schools, and who has played with and alongside practically every artist of eminence, male and female, of this and the last generation may be deemed worthy of consideration by those who have the real welfare of the drama at heart.

For or against the apparently ever-popular musical comedy or modern comedy I have nothing to say. The public are entitled to what they choose to pay for, within limits of good taste and decorum, but I think it cannot be denied that they have become very decidedly apathetic towards the Shakespearean and poetic or serious drama. And that is the point I desire to deal with and endeavor to explain. In doing so I propose to write only of what has come under my own notice, and what is within the range of my own professional career. Why is the taste for the higher and nobler forms of the drama at such a low ebb? Why is it a common expression among old players that "acting is not what it used to be"? Are they right or wrong? I contend they are distinctly right. And I propose to give three cogent reasons for my contention. I am gravely afraid the fault is not all with the public, but, to a great extent, with the actor himself. In the strenuous fight for success on the stage errors have grown from lack of consideration—from lack of time or inclination to stop and think—and one must mentally revert to some little time ago to point them out.

First, the modern actor's life is, I

believe, all wrong. The numberless social amenities which have become part of it are impossible in a life demanding endless study and application if great things are to be achieved; and a paying public assembled in a theatre has a right to expect an artist's best mentality and effort, not, as is often the case, the jaded, tired performance of one whose time and thoughts have been used up in other directions. The actor's art is surely a very exacting one, and the theatre (to him) is not a playground or a pastime.

Then, again, my observation teaches me that the public themselves are disposed to think far more of the performance of one whom they do *not* know than of one whom they meet constantly and whose name is under their eye at every turn. This may, at first sight, appear paradoxical, but I have no doubt of the fact, and I am quite sure that the line of demarkation between the actor and his audience, marked by the proscenium, thirty years ago was an essential, or at all events a very valuable asset, in his hold on the public's appreciation.

Some years ago there was an actor at the Olympic Theatre who thrilled his audiences in part after part for years. What did it matter to them if his private character or habits were not quite exemplary? They worshipped him for his *acting* and applauded him to the echo. To-day his faults would be trumpeted to the ends of the earth, and his habits would be a veritable gold-mine for the modern paragraphist. In recent years I have rehearsed in a theatre all day—and sometimes nearly all night—where the manager and leading actor would be called away from rehearsal almost every hour to attend to social matters, or meet private friends, and a first night would come round and find the manager and company worn out and

jaded to a degree unbelievable except by those who have experienced it. Does any one suppose that best work can be done under these conditions? Surely it is quite impossible. I do not blame the actor entirely for the altered state of things. Personal journalism has had some hand in it. But the change is not for the better, either for the actor or the public, of that I am convinced.

My next reason calls forth perhaps the strongest impression evolved out of my experience, and it is the marked difference in the method of attacking the heroic drama between the actors of the past and present generation. Great heroic or romantic parts, or broad characters of the poetic and classic drama, were written for great heroic and romantic or broad acting, and no amount of the detail of modernity will compensate for the absence of these qualities. It is all very well for critics (professional or otherwise) to write of natural acting, but, in great parts, ought not the word used, as well as the ambition of the actor, to be "ideal"? Natural in ideality, if you will; but no modern natural model or standard can be found for such parts as I am writing of. Now the actor of the last generation did strive to fill out the ideal of the author. He did not always succeed, maybe. There were good and bad actors then, as now. But he *strove for the ideal*! The actor of to-day is only too prone to drag the ideal down to the level of his own modern personality, and then search for hidden meanings, undreamt of by the author, and isolated lines to account for effects which, in some cases, amount to vandalism. Thus we are liable to get a whole round of Shakespearean parts, running nearly the entire gamut of human emotions, filtered through the same individuality with a slight change of "make-up," which is often the only difference observable.

The cant phrase that "an audience only wants to be amused" is a libel on the great heart of the public. A very large section of paying theatrical audiences wants, and always has wanted, to be moved—to be lifted, temporarily, out of the atmosphere of everyday humdrum surroundings. Failing this, they will often take and pay for what is simply amusing, but few artists or plays have been known to stir their emotions and make their hearts beat faster in vain. Few of them assembled in a theatre are analytically critical. Perhaps it is well they are not. They see a gorgeous production; a superb pageant, with acting, alas! not on a par with the spectacle; their pulses are not quickened, their emotions are not stirred, and they pass a dull evening. Result: they say "It must be a bad play." And they are saying this around us every day about several *fine* plays. Thus it is quite possible for a theatre to receive any amount of inexperienced adulation as the home of the Shakespearean drama, whereas it is in fact the mausoleum of the Shakespearean drama, where, to slightly alter the "immortal one's" own line, "the carcases of many a fine play lie buried," only to rise again into paying popularity when a generation of playgoers have forgotten their performance or a new generation has grown up.

The third reason which makes me disposed to agree with the old playgoer is one of scarcely less importance, as I think. It is the positively absurd ignoring of tradition in the performance of the great playwrights' works. If one had a son who showed talent and a desire to become a painter, and one wished to further his ambition, one would, presumably, have him taught drawing correctly. Then, if means were available, one would send him abroad to do a round of the great picture galleries to study the old mas-

ters, as well as those of modern days, for coloring &c., &c., hoping that he would in time succeed in welding some of their fine effects to his own innate ability, and so become a great artist himself. And yet, the moment you suggest a similar line of action in our more difficult art—more difficult because our effects are transient and beyond recall, and therefore should be more carefully studied before they are put before the public—you are to-day almost invariably met with the expression, "Oh, that is traditional" or "that is conventional." What arrant egotism! Did the great ones who went before us know nothing? Had they no brains? Is it "infra dig." for an actor of to-day to consider the result of their mentality and practice? Why, the Shakespearean and poetic drama teems with effects produced by the Kembles, the Keans, the Siddons, the Ristoris of the past—effects which have thrilled our fathers and mothers and even our elder brothers and sisters, and, if you withdraw from an audience what has moved them to deep emotion or excited them to boundless laughter—and in either case compelled their admiration—and *do nothing in its place*, it is no wonder that playgoers with memories say "*Acting is not what it used to be.*"

At the Théâtre Français all these effects are duly tabulated and reproduced when the old plays are performed, and although I should not counsel going to the rigid lengths they do, I most emphatically say, consider—in the interests of your audiences, consider—these effects!

The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For they who live to please, must please to live;

and as a faithful servant of the public, in whom I recognize my only judge and master—and to whom I have never

wavered in my allegiance, I would be steeped in tradition to the lips, and clothed in convention from head to foot, rather than give the anæmic, invertebrate performances I see from time to time, or become a pall-bearer at the obsequies of a masterpiece of the greatest dramatist of all time and every country—the English actor's glory and proudest heritage!

Will any one have the effrontery to say that the last decade has shown us any performances to excite our admiration such, for instance, as Adelaide Neilson's Juliet; Ristori's Queen Elizabeth and Marie Stuart; Phelps' Malvollo, Bottom the Weaver, Riche-lieu, Falstaff and Sir Pertinax Mac-sycophant; Booth's Bertuccio; Salvini's Othello; Dion Boucicault's admirable Irish characters, or Lady Bancroft's Polly Eccles, &c. &c.? Where, among the young actresses of to-day can be found the Madge Robertsons and the Bernhards? And, if natural acting be the watchword, where is the rising light comedian with a semblance of the art or a tithe of the naturalness of the incomparable Charles Mathews? With nearly all of these I have played again and again, in a leading capacity, so I write with some positive knowledge on this point. They belonged to a period in the drama's history—and were trained in an atmosphere—when the ideal of the author was the coveted goal and tradition a familiar and much frequented road thereto.

Finally, does any one with a memory really believe that some of the Shakespearean performances seen in London in recent years would have been tolerated twenty-five or thirty years ago, either in London or any of the big provincial theatres where good stock companies were to be found?

The several foregoing questions are addressed respectfully and with some confidence to the playgoers whose experiences cover a similar period to my

own. I ask *them*, am I right or wrong? My ideas may not appeal to those who know only one phase of the question (*i.e.* the purely modern). I hold no brief for either school! I have no "axe to grind"! I merely state facts as I see them.

Stage managers, too, win their spurs very easily to-day, and reputations in this direction are cheaply earned. Men with the most limited knowledge and little ideas are called "great" and lauded to the skies. Where would they be beside such past-masters of stage craft as Charles Calvert (with his glorious Manchester revivals, glorious in acting, as well as production), Dion Boucicault, Mr. and Mrs. Chute (of Bristol), and Mrs. R. H. Wyndham of Edinburgh? Great artists these! who knew and could, and did, teach earnest students all things great and small of our difficult art.

I now come to the last point I desire to touch upon in these notes, which is perhaps of more general interest. I allude to the present free list of London theatres. It is almost unbelievable (except to those whose business it is) the number and class of people who expect to go to the theatre without payment. I submit two facts within my own recent experience which serve to prove the truth of what I write. Only a few months ago I was talking to the manager of a West End theatre, just by his box-office, when a perfectly splendid carriage drove up—pair of horses, coachman and footman, and all the apparent trappings of wealth. Out stepped an elderly lady and gentleman and two younger ladies. The gentleman walked up to the box-office, tendered his card, and asked for free seats. The box-office keeper referred to my friend, the manager, with the result that they were passed in. When that had taken place I ventured to ask who they were, and was told they were friends of a gentleman who was one

of the Syndicate that had once "backed" the theatre! The other fact is also instructive in this direction. A luncheon party of four, at which my three companions were all theatre managers. The conversation turned on the merits and value of various London acting or business managers, and it was conceded by all three of my friends that one particular gentleman was, easily, the most useful and desirable. And why, forsooth? Because he had the best free list in London and could fill a theatre with a well-dressed non-paying audience more quickly and better than any of his rivals! It is very far from my intention to suggest to any manager how to conduct his business. My inclination is, at all times, to mind my own, but obviously actors and actresses can only live, eventually, by money paid for admission to the theatre, and it is a well-authenticated fact that people who have once received "orders" rarely pay again! They wait for a repetition of the favor! Another incontrovertible fact is that a non-paying audience is the most apathetic that the actor ever plays to, and in view of these conditions I submit to the managers and an ever-generous public that a re-consideration of this whole matter would be to the monetary advantage of our painfully overstocked calling, and add dignity to those who are amused by our exercise of it.

Of course, when an actor, to quote the late Maurice Barrymore, "believes

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in God and the centre of the stage," and is in a position to dictate, he does not like to play to empty benches, and the temptation is very great to secure a "good house," even though it be, as another facetious American actor said, "cut up for snow in the morning." But the present system is rapidly reducing London to a "city of dead-heads" and is "most tolerable and not to be endured."

As a sign of the times it may be noted that only this last summer one of the most successful of the younger provincial stars brought his company into London for four weeks, changed his bill every week, got all the *cachet* of a London season and a whole mass of press consideration, and cleared out in a blaze of success. Why? "Oh, wise young judge!" His takings would aggregate, in the four weeks, almost as much as if he had played twice as long, and the "noble army of dead-heads" had no time to "marshal their forces" to his discomfiture. Thus he successfully treated London on the same business basis as he would Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, or Dublin!

Here ends my homily! It is written in all sincerity, with a view to bringing before the notice of those interested—among the public as well as the profession—certain matters worthy (as I hope and believe) of their consideration. If I dare flatter myself it is not in vain, I shall have much additional reason to be

Their faithful servant,

J. H. Barnes.

AN IRISH GARDEN.

A land where always God's right hand
Seems stretching downward to caress
His wayward children, as they stand
And gaze upon its loveliness.

—"Stories of Wicklow," by G. F. Savage-Armstrong.

It is October, yet the sun shines and the sky is blue; thus far the leaves have felt but little of the fiery finger.

We are making for some of the fairest scenes in Ireland. Bray Head is reached,—now the engine plunges into its dark recesses, now it flashes out into the light; above, in long stretches, the heather is still purple; far below the deep calm sea is kissing the rocks and pebbles, its only sign of motion a delicate silver fringe. Onward we press to Wicklow, some fifteen miles farther south, there change train for cycle, and so reach the garden that we seek.¹

What an approach! and what a situation! The garden has been fashioned upon the confines of a stately domain: two hundred years have gone to the shaping of those great elms and beeches which lead towards the entrance. Passing the first gate and keeping to the road, we find the garden lying below us—invitingly. It consists of some seven acres entirely devoted to the cultivation of all that is most beautiful in the world of shrubs and flowers. The river Vartry divides the whole into two unequal portions, and on either side the ground slopes with gentle undulations to the stream. As we look, attention is everywhere arrested by the extraordinary luxuriance and variety which prevail: particularly noticeable is the semi-tropical appearance given by bold groups of cordylines, fifteen, twenty, and even in some

cases twenty-five feet high. Across the river is seen the house, looking a veritable part of the wealth of natural beauty, which, not content with thronging it closely all round, rises in the form of choice creepers sometimes even to the chimney-top. Among the creepers are *Rosa Brunonis* and the delicate *Solanum jasminoides*. These we have seen elsewhere; but what shall we say to the inclusion of a plant often supposed to need even stove heat? Yet here it is in *Mandevilla suaveolens*. Placed in a southern aspect, it has climbed for nearly forty feet, and it never fails to adorn the walls with the exquisite beauty of its fragrant flowers. In the presence of such a proof we shall not be accused of exaggeration if we describe the situation as ideal. In truth, all that the gardener's heart desires is there—soil of amazing fertility, sufficient atmospheric moisture, ample shelter, full exposure to the sun. When it is added that in this part of Wicklow camellias and Himalayan rhododendrons flourish as if in their native haunts, and greenhouse cinerarias grow and flower in the open, statements which under other circumstances would seem incredible will cease to cause surprise.

And now we have reached the front entrance, our order has gained admission, and we are discharging the one duty laid upon the visitor—signing the book. The roll of names is long and representative; garden lovers of every class are found paying their tribute of admiration here. The venerable Canon Ellacombe has ventured across the Channel, so has Mr. W. Robinson; the

¹ The garden described is Mount Usher, the property of George Walpole and Edward Walpole.

late Mr. F. W. Burbidge came often; from all parts of England, including Kew, from Scotland, from many other countries, to say nothing of the chief authorities nearer home, come those who have heard the fame, and who desire to see for themselves the beauty, of this Wicklow paradise.

Hard by the gate commences a water-garden, where moisture-loving plants are grouped in long stretches, by the banks of a gentle stream. One of the many advantages concentrated in this favored spot is an abundant and unfailing water-supply: not only does the Vartry form the central feature, it seems to yield willing service everywhere. In bygone days a mill stood on the site: tapping the river higher up, the miller brought his water to the upper parts of the garden, with the result that it is available at will. Here are a few of the treasures which greet us in connection with the stream. Where the banks broaden into something like a pond there is a collection of the best nymphæas,—their bloom of course is past; looking down upon them are tall groups of *Chrysanthemum uliginosum*; behind them, its inflorescence almost twice as high as they, towers New Zealand flax; then, in the order given, forming a brilliant color-scheme, come, first the difficult *Buenos Ayres Senecio*—rosy purple; next, in rare luxuriance, the mauve of *Primula capitata*; here a mass of *Spiræa palmata* forming its seed, gives the needed neutral tint; beyond stands such a glory of *Lobelia cardinalis* as falls to the lot of few. All the best kinds are there, "Lady Ardilaun," "the Hamwood," and another, perhaps finer than any, which has crowned the exertions of the St. Anne's gardener, Mr. Campbell,—tall and straight and strong, laughing in the clear October air, their glowing scarlet breaks upon us with a splendor which nothing can eclipse: the whole is set against the quiet green of a graceful

Babylonian willow. If there were nothing else to see, this picture in itself would well repay the journey.

Beyond, all to itself, there is a nook of exquisite beauty,—passing some vigorous bamboos, and a tall specimen of the boldly chiselled *Dimorphanthus mandschuricus*, we find the banks have drawn together and have deepened. Up from either side there spring lines of *Gentiana asclepiadea*, rocking in the breeze, nodding and bowing to each other: they are like rows of dancers bright in green and blue,—a Roger de Coverley revel, the stream beneath darting under their upraised arms.

Perhaps an apology is needed for having lingered so long beside the entrance, but in such a garden, unless we set ourselves to catalogue the rarities which await us at every step, all that can be done is to single out a few of the scenes to serve as types of much that is left untouched; for in truth everywhere there are—

Fairy branchlets hid in ferny nooks,
Or half invisible rainbows of the
 brooks,
Or peeps of glassy bays between the
 pines,
And rich surprises while we wind our
 way
Through breaking woods.²

We therefore press on to the river, dumb as to all between, with one exception,—for that great palm, *Chamærops Fortunei*, is historic. To fertilize the palm and gather seeds which will germinate was long considered out of the question in our climate. It is believed that the first success was here; certain it is that this *Chamærops* through its seeds has become the parent of many an infant palm.

The care which has been lavished on the river is extraordinary. One side is walled, and the stones furnish

² The verse quotations are from "Stories of Wicklow," by G. F. Savage-Armstrong.

congenial homes for rock-plants innumerable; the other shows great variety of treatment,—sometimes the bank is high, sometimes it breaks down to the water's edge, sometimes it starts forward as if to find its way across, and everywhere the different aspects and positions have been utilized for enrichment with suitable vegetation. There are two bridges, a study in themselves. Among the visitors this afternoon is a well-known statesman. Meeting one of the owners, he says: "My friend is lost in admiration of your bridges!" In such a place it seems at first a strange remark—but the friend is an engineer.

A delicately hung suspension bridge, some fifty feet long, is the first we meet. *Wistaria*, trained so as to enhance instead of obstructing the view, has made its own of the chains. Stopping half-way across and looking down stream, we have before us a comprehensive view of the place: the road, from which the first glimpse was caught, is above on the right; trees thinly planted, with shrubs and flowers at their feet, fill the intervening ground; to the left the greensward stretches upwards towards the house, encircling shrubs and groups of shrubs, whose names, if given, would be known to few, familiar to none. In front the river and its richly laden banks carry the eye downwards; the water-fowl flit to and fro, the trout leap; a series of low falls at once preserves the calm of surface and prevents monotony. Far down another bridge is seen—low, unobtrusive; and behind it rise the great trees of the original domain: like strong wardens, they bid defiance to the eastern blasts, and shut in to peace and restfulness this garden of delight.

We wander along the bank, and note the skill with which each point of vantage has been treated. In the flat margins grow quantities of *Osmunda*

regalis; low down, and stretching sometimes far out into the stream, appear the shield-like leaves of the Californian *Saxifraga peltata*; in one conspicuous position *Gunnera scabra* covers the bank from top to bottom, showing to perfection the broad masses of its leaves. On the higher levels *Montbretia* revels, and the *Agapanthus* is at home; graceful spiræas bend to the breezes; and plume poppies—*Bocconia cordata*—are aglow with sunshine. There are sumachs just beginning to assume their flaming autumn dress, and bamboos of many kinds—they were more numerous still before they gained the fateful power of flowering. High above all stand out the great cordylines which first compelled our notice: raised, as most of them have been, from seed which ripened here, they flourish as though indigenous. The varieties are numerous, *australis* is plentiful, and there are many others, some, like the unique *Boisia*, scarcely to be found elsewhere.

As the bridge is crossed we enter literally another land, for the character of the soil differs widely: so much is this the case, that difficult subjects which languish on one side often wake into vigorous life when transposed. Those who appreciate hydrangeas, and understand their possibilities, should come and study them here. From time to time the gardening papers are busy with opinions as to the effect of iron on the color of the flowers. The different soils of this Wicklow garden ought to go far towards laying the controversy. On one side iron is a plentiful constituent; there is no iron on the other. Where the iron is absent the hydrangeas are pink; when moved to the iron they change to blue—and such blue! The writer has seen blue hydrangeas in many places, but the blue here is unrivalled—rich, lustrous, bountiful, and in prodigal abundance. The most callous in such a presence can

scarcely restrain an outburst of gratitude for so gracious a gift.

The hydrangeas, for the most part, grow in the thinly-planted wood already noticed. Its arrangement is but one more device for adding to the inexhaustible variety of this wonderful garden: the sloping ground faces the north; the comparative coolness thus attained is emphasized by the shelter of the trees; light sufficient is secured by the thin planting—there are many open glades—and by keeping the trunks free from branches up to about twenty feet. Underneath, in bewildering abundance, are shrubs and ferns and flowers. In and out among them wander sweet woodland walks. So absolute is the seclusion that friends might play hide-and-seek by the hour and fail to find each other: the owners solve the difficulty by carrying a silver whistle to make their presence known.

With the exception of the hydrangeas, October is too late for most of the woodland treasures. Yet not quite! Here is one of the visitors loud in praise of the many-hued berries of *Pernettya mucronata*, and numerous are the inquiries as to culture, and the secret of such specially beautiful colors. Very lovely too is *Berberidopsis corallina*, a shrub of Chili: its name is happy, for the clusters of bright flowers sway to and fro, from slender stalklets, like bunches of bright coral. Japanese anemones, pink and white, in great variety, are still in full beauty; and more than a passing glance is called for by the fine collection of *Phlox decussata*, even though most of the flowers are past their best. Still effective in many a nook is the capricious Flame nasturtium—*Tropæolum speciosum*. In Scotland and the north of Ireland almost everybody's flower, it becomes extremely difficult farther south: here, however, the only difficulty is to control it. Wherever leave is given

it enters into extravagant possession.

The ferns in general will claim attention presently, when we reach their special home, but fine specimens from New Zealand greet us here and there through the wood, and with them is connected one of the romances of the garden, which ought to be told now. The success of the cordylines suggested that perhaps New Zealand tree-ferns would make themselves equally at home. An extensive order was given, and after long waiting, the cases with their precious burdens were received. Great was the dismay when they were opened. Magnificent specimens were there, the packing was good,—for the moment all seemed fresh and promising; but, alas! examination disclosed the fact that the senders, not content with removing the great fronds of the year—a necessary process,—had carried their zeal so far as to scoop out the crowns, thus destroying all promise for the years to come. At first the only possible destination, after a journey round half the world, seemed to be the rubbish heap. Happily gentler counsels prevailed, and the great stems were planted. No splendid crowns developed at their heads—the errant knife had been too dexterously used,—but the unexpected happened: the roots asserted themselves—at the sides small specimens gradually appeared: these, by a brave resolve, were cut out from the ugliness of the parent stocks; already they are doing much to adorn the woodland walks, and it seems not unlikely that we shall see them some day in all the grand proportions of the primeval forest. Before we leave the wood, fine clumps of *Lilium auratum* are seen: the bulbs are imported direct from Japan, and heads with from thirty to forty blooms are common. And now we are in the open, where new and extensive plantations of shrubs are being laid down. Their examination we must postpone to an-

other day, for already the afternoon is far advanced.

Passing, therefore, along the outskirts, we pause to wonder at the vigor and beauty of the Nankeen lilies—*Lilium testaceum*; grouped by themselves, they seem to usurp, and to return with interest, all the light of the autumn afternoon. In the opposite direction a whole border devoted to the best of the Michaelmas daisies makes us long to give it an hour to itself. At one special shrub we must linger a moment: *Davidia involucrata*, called after its discoverer, is thought to be among the rarest of the garden's possessions. Only some three or four specimens are known in Europe; none of them have yet flowered; the size and flourishing appearance of the one at which we are looking promise well for the priority of Wicklow. Presently we are by the river once more, nearing the lower bridge. A long bed filled with *Sparaxis pulcherrima* or *Dierama* is passed; how lovely it must have been! Now the plants are busy forming a precious harvest of seed: as they bend gracefully towards the bank it is as if a troop of fairy anglers were there, poisoning their baited rods for the cast.

At the other side of the bridge a new surprise awaits us. Surely never was fernery planned like this! Beneath is swift, rushing water; the sides, steep banks, rise at a sharp angle to from five to eight feet above the stream; and right along the bottom of this cañon in miniature runs a wooden causeway, raised by strong stanchions just above the water: for a hundred yards or more you may range up and down, and study the collection almost without a bend of the back.

Is it not fair, the leafy land?—

... fraught with sweet, resistless spells

That wake a deep, a tranquil love,—
The witchery of ferny dells,
The magic of the murmuring grove.

A more perfect combination of all that ferns love can scarcely be imagined: sufficient light, absolute shelter, sharp drainage, and the moisture that all like and many demand—all are here; and what are the results? That native ferns grow to perfection under such conditions may be taken for granted. Towards the upper end, where the banks open, *Osmunda regalis* reaches eight feet; wherever it is set, that most beautiful of *Athyriums*, *kalothrix*, develops its lace-like fronds to double the normal size; it is the same with all except perhaps the few that enjoy a little more of the sun, as the *Polypodiums*. But what causes genuine astonishment, in this as in other parts of the garden, is the way in which exotics make themselves at home. Look, for instance, at that *Polypodium Billardieri*: its native haunts are New Zealand and Tasmania, yet here the only difficulty is to restrain. Planted in one of the less shady positions, its creeping rhizomes push out in all directions, wandering wherever they may. Look, too, at what that visitor from South Africa is accomplishing. *Mikrolepia anthriscifolia* has been given to many friends, but with none has it succeeded except under glass; here it grows as freely as the bracken. Facts like these are strong: strength, however, is needed if the reader is to be carried with us in what is to follow. Fern lovers have many individual fancies, but there is one species round which the enthusiasm of all reaches high-water mark—the *Todeas*. What irony that the distinguished mycologist of Mecklenburg, from whom they take their title, should have had no fairer name than *Tode*! For the most part *Todeas* require very special treatment: the pellucid fronds must never be allowed to

dry; the great aim is to induce atmospheric moisture sufficient to ensure continuous condensation upon the leaves, one of whose chief charms is the sparkle of innumerable pearls of dew. Houses are often constructed solely for *Todeas* and their allies, the *Hymenophyllums* and *Trichomanes*, and many are the costly devices employed for atmospheric control. With all these difficulties in remembrance, it is not quite easy for the pteridologist to retain his mental equilibrium as he stands in this Wicklow fernery and sees *Todeas* growing magnificently in the open air. Yet there they are, in hollows in the sides, without any protection whatsoever except such as is afforded by the overhanging bank. The bold *superba* and the graceful *pellucida* are both there; so is *Trichomanes radicans*, the Killarney Fern, and the quaint but most interesting *Trichomanes reniforme*: the latter has not yet learned to dispense with the services of a bell-glass. As for the rest, not only do they survive unprotected, but they luxuriate: so much is this the case that the *Todeas* have actually taken to seeding themselves, and their seedlings are growing thick around them.

After this crowning proof of what nature and art in harmony can accomplish under Wicklow skies, we leave the fernery, and prepare to say farewell. We hurry past the Alpine garden and its annexe the Moraine; we just glance lovingly at a wall garden bejewelled from end to end; but we must pause, if only for a moment, to

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examine those creepers, whose great crowns of clustered beauty beckon us to a nearer view. Ah! they are *Lapagerias*—white and red. Those who have struggled with this choicest but most difficult of greenhouse climbers will be able to appreciate the triumph achieved by bringing it to such brilliancy of bloom under the open sky. The task has not been easy. First the fierce onslaught of the slugs had to be met; here hollow circles of cement kept filled with water, and collars fashioned of galvanized iron and zinc, beat off the foe. Then there were insect pests of many orders. Some the syringe slew wholesale, and others went down before the slow but sure finger and thumb; and all through remained the perplexity as to whether the lights and shades which the situation permitted had been rightly balanced. The gardener who has conquered under such difficulties has indeed earned the right to the warmest congratulations. Like Kaspar at eventide, he may well reiterate—

It was a famous victory;

with which thought for him, and for ourselves a sense of glad rejoicing, we commence our homeward way:—

Man and beast and bird and worm and herb and fruit and waving tree—
Sweeps before me, sways me, thrills me, through the shoreless ether sailing;

Draws my heart to an unseen Presence in a rare exultancy.

H. Kingswill Moore.

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

Of all the proposals put forward by the Socialist party none is more superficially attractive than the demand that the State should make provision for the unemployed. The tragedy of unemployment appeals to all of us. Even

those who have been relieved by the generosity of their parents, or by the favor of fortune, from the necessity of working for their living must feel sympathy with the man who is willing to work but can find no one to provide

him with employment. That there are many such men in this country and in every country at this moment and at every moment is indisputable, and no one who has the least spark of human feeling can fail to be eager to find some sure means of diminishing their number or of abbreviating their period of unemployment. All this is common ground; it is only when we pass to the question of how to do what we all want done that divergence of opinion arises. There are some people who appear to imagine that every ill that human flesh is heir to can be swept away in the twinkling of an eye by passing an Act of Parliament. Even if they are not prepared to draft this wonderful measure themselves they have not the slightest doubt that it can be drafted, and they are willing to pin their faith to any scheme that is preached with sufficient emphasis or advertised with sufficient skill. When any one ventures to point out that the particular scheme which has momentarily secured their support is no remedy at all, they close the discussion by asking with impatient contempt, "What then is your remedy?" They never pause to reflect that progress cannot be secured by blindly following the leadership of the blind, and that it is easier to advertise a quack medicine than to find a real remedy for a long standing disease.

Nor can it be admitted that those who point out the failure of popular panaceas are always under an obligation themselves to propose some positive scheme of reform. Often the only remedy required is a negative one. Part of the trouble from which the world suffers is due to positive wrongdoing, and that cannot be prevented until men are willing to adopt the negative remedy of abstaining from wrong action. What proportion of our present day troubles may require this negative treatment we need not at-

tempt to consider. It is however worth while to remember that in a certain code of conduct accepted as sacred, now and in past ages, by many millions of men, seventy per cent. of the rules laid down begin with the words "Thou shalt not." The importance of thus saying "No" is not limited to individual conduct. It applies equally to measures proposed by the State. When the community is threatened with Acts of Parliament which would only aggravate the disease they are intended to cure, it becomes the urgent duty of men who love their country to oppose such false remedies to the utmost of their ability, and frankly to say, "We are not prepared to cure in a moment diseases that have endured for centuries, but we are resolved, so far as our strength permits, to prevent you from making the disease worse."

There is no pleasure in coming to such a negative conclusion. It is far more agreeable to delude oneself with the belief that all the poverty and suffering and sorrow in the world can be promptly cured by administering to the body politic a few well advertised social pills. Those who fail to succumb to such delusions have to bear the brunt of being called cold-hearted and hard-mouthed, indifferent to the welfare of the poor, and defenders of the wealth of the rich. These accusations are not pleasant, but they must be accepted as part of the day's work by all who venture to point out that some momentarily fashionable remedy is either useless or actively harmful. The best consolation lies in remembering that it is not the business of thoughtful men to shout with the crowd, but to try and find out the truth.

For these reasons it is of the utmost importance that the country should examine, carefully and critically, the proposal put forward by the Labor party

for the creation of a statutory "right to work." This proposal is embodied in a Bill introduced into the House of Commons in July last and formally read a first time. The same Bill, if opportunity serves, is to be introduced next session. The essential clause of this Bill declares that,

Where a workman has registered himself as unemployed, it shall be the duty of the local unemployment authority to provide work for him in connection with one or other of the schemes hereinafter provided, or otherwise, or failing the provision of work, to provide maintenance, should necessity exist, for that person and for those depending on that person for the necessities of life: provided that a refusal on the part of the unemployed workman to accept reasonable work upon one of these schemes, or employment upon conditions not lower than those that are standard to the work in the locality, shall release the local unemployment authority of its duties under this section.

A subsequent clause provides that where unemployment is due "to deliberate and habitual disinclination to work," the individual concerned may be subjected to control for a period not exceeding six months, "which period must be passed in the performance of reasonable work under the supervision or control of the local unemployment authority." The rest of the Bill deals with the machinery for carrying out the principle above quoted. In addition to the "local unemployment authorities," there is to be a "central unemployment committee," composed of representatives of trade unions and of the principal government offices. These bodies between them are to frame schemes for setting the unemployed to work. The money is to be found partly by the local authorities and partly by the Imperial Exchequer.

To most people these proposals will

seem somewhat startling. That, however, is only because we have forgotten the follies as well as the wisdom of our ancestors. Similar proposals were actually embodied in the statute law of England more than three hundred years ago, while even before that date voluntary attempts were made by the municipalities to organize work for the unemployed. As early as 1557 the old palace of Bridewell was converted into an institution in which various industries were carried on by men who could not obtain employment elsewhere. This London example was followed by a good many other municipalities in the full spirit of modern municipal socialism. Moreover, just as the Labor party to-day provides for the case of persons afflicted with "a deliberate and habitual disinclination to work," so did our ancestors provide for the incorrigible idler. Under various statutes vagrants and idlers of either sex were liable to be whipped "till their bodies be bloody," with the additional refinement in some cases of being bored through the ear. They might also be committed into slavery for a period of years, and if they ran away they might be enslaved for life. When these gentle methods of persuasion failed, the incorrigible idler was finally disposed of by hanging.

Some modern socialists are fond of appealing to the socialistic legislation of Queen Elizabeth as a glorious example for the statesmanship of to-day. They forget to say whether they are also in favor of reviving the whippings and the slavery and the hangings that were part of the Elizabethan régime. Nor do they attempt to explain how it happened that legislation which they regard as so supremely excellent should have proved so complete a failure. The powers conferred upon the guardians of the poor by the Act of 1601 have never been specifically repealed. They were even extended so late as the

year 1819. Even now it is doubtful whether a socialistic board of guardians would not be legally entitled, under the Act of Elizabeth, to raise money from the parish in order to provide a "convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other necessary ware and stuff to set the poor on work." At any rate down to 1834 the socialists had their chance. For more than two centuries the system which they wish to revive could legally be put into operation in any parish, and was put into operation in many parishes. Yet everybody knows that the system was an absolute failure. Instead of diminishing poverty it added to the numbers and to the degradation of the poor. On this point the evidence collected by the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834 is conclusive. It shows that where the poor law was administered on the principles which it is now proposed to re-establish, idlers were multiplied and poverty was increased.

As even this long experience does not suffice to convince some minds, it is worth while briefly to describe the main features of a more modern experiment. Early in the year 1848 a revolution took place in France. The king was expelled and a republican government was established. The new Government was inspired by socialistic theories and was completely dominated by the working classes of Paris. One of the first acts of the new Government was to decree the right to work which our English socialists sixty years later are now shouting for as a new thing. The text of the decree is as follows:—

Le Gouvernement provisoire de la République française s'engage à garantir l'existence de l'ouvrier par le travail. Il s'engage à garantir du travail à tous les citoyens. (Decree of February 25, 1848.)

On the next day, Feb. 26, the Govern-

ment proceeded to decree the "immediate establishment of national workshops (*ateliers nationaux*).” It was easier to make this decree than to carry it out. But a happy accident occurred. A young man named Emile Thomas, armed with a letter of introduction, called on March 3 on the Minister of Public Works and offered to organize the unemployed in accordance with the ideas of Saint Simon. He hoped, with the aid of the pupils of the Central School of Engineering, to maintain order among the men, especially by employing moral influence. His offer was accepted by the Ministry with effusive gratitude. A disused building in the Parc Monceaux, which had been part of a royal villa, was assigned to him for his headquarters. Here M. Thomas and his mother established their private *ménage* in some upper rooms; accommodation being also provided for the principal officials. The rest of the building was left free for the work of brigading the unemployed. No time was wasted. On March 5, two days after his first interview with the Ministry, M. Thomas summoned a conference of the mayors of the different districts of Paris and expounded his scheme. He promised to be ready on March 9 to enrol a first batch of 3000 men from one of the most distressed districts, the other districts to follow in daily sequence. On March 8 he gathered together the pupils of the Central School of Engineering at the Parc Monceaux and explained their duties to them. "I found them," he says, "filled with zeal and animated with the best intentions." The next morning the enrolment of the first 3000 men began. The unit of organization was the squad of eleven men under a "chief"; next came the brigade of five squads under a "brigadier," and so on. The rates of pay were not high. The workers received 2 francs on days of activity and 1½

francs on days of inactivity; the squad chiefs received slightly more, and the brigadiers received 3 francs a day whether work was going on or not. The first job was to root up the trunks of the trees that had been destroyed during the revolutionary fighting on the boulevards, and to plant new ones. This only required the labor of a few hundred men; and it was decided to send the others on foot to fetch tools from the forts round Paris, and to fetch young trees from distant nurseries. "This method of transport," remarks M. Thomas, "was at once absurd and ruinous; but what did the loss of a few hundred francs matter in comparison with the terrible example of giving a subsidy to idle men?" The next day an additional 1200 men arrived, many of them bringing personal recommendations from prominent politicians asking that they should be given posts as superintendents. The difficulty of finding work for all these men grew every day more serious. "Each day I went to the Ministry of Public Works; each day I returned with the reply, 'the engineers have found no jobs yet.'"

On March 15 M. Thomas had 14,000 men unoccupied. To meet this serious situation the government engineers were instructed by the Ministry to specify works that were possible, rather than works that were really useful, and a number of schemes of road-making and levelling were adopted, and gave work to most of the men already enrolled. But fresh supplies of unemployed continued to arrive, and even at this early stage it was discovered that many of the men were not passionately eager for work. They preferred to draw 1½ francs a day for inactivity, rather than 2 francs for doing more or less hard work. To meet this difficulty the inactivity pay was reduced to 1 franc, but still the numbers continued to grow. Indeed so lax

was the administration that many men came to draw their 1 franc as unemployed, and then quietly went off to earn their living in their ordinary employment. Other men inscribed themselves in several different brigades and drew pay from each. All this irregularity went on in spite of a host of clerks and supervisors, who had been provided with posts at headquarters on political recommendation. Emile Thomas writes that he received recommendations from all the members of the provisional government—from one member no less than 700—and also from their wives, their children, and their doorkeepers. He adds that the *ateliers nationaux* were looked upon by the Ministry as a drain for drawing off the suppurating horde of place-hunters and parasites.¹ Less bitter but more tragic is the account he gives of the receipt of an order from the Ministry of Public Works to deal all at once with the claims of six hundred persons, "dramatic artists, painters, sculptors, designers, bank clerks, and shop assistants." These men had addressed to the Ministry the following pitiful plea:—

The republic has guaranteed work to every citizen. We have none. We do not ask that work should be given to us, as was promised, each in our own occupation. We know that this would be impossible. But at least give us the opportunity of honorably earning the bread we need. We are at the end of our resources, and the municipal authorities refuse to give us tickets of admission to the *ateliers nationaux* because we wear the clothes to which we have been accustomed and not the dress of workmen. Yet we are worthy of pity as well as they.

¹ "L'administration des ateliers nationaux était devenue pour chacun de ces messieurs de pouvoir une sorte d'exutoire par où ils écoulaient soit les protégés de leurs amis, soit les solliciteurs et les coureurs de places, parasites inévitables," etc. ("Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux," by Emile Thomas, p. 85.)

M. Thomas promptly took on the whole of the 600 and employed them to act as inspectors of pay-sheets, and to visit the ordinary workmen in their homes and report on their "physical and moral condition."

It is important to note that only a few attempts, and those only affecting a very small number of men, were made by M. Thomas to organize any industry other than road-making, leveling, and unskilled work of that character. On the other hand, M. Louis Blanc obtained the permission of the Government, to organize, partly on co-operative, partly on socialist principles, a workshop for the supply of clothes and saddlery to the army. Some workshops for women were also started, and one or two other stray experiments were made. The taxpayer bore the cost of all these enterprises, and most of them disappeared in the general crash that brought the *ateliers nationaux* to an end.

As above stated, it was on March 9 that the enrolment at the *ateliers nationaux* began with 3000 men. By the end of April this number had risen to over 100,000, and most of the men had ceased to make even a pretence of working. Early in May one of the Ministers delivered an oration to these "national workmen," and ventured to refer to the duty of working. The remark was received with murmurs of disapproval. Meanwhile the financial situation was growing every day more serious. The provisional government had been replaced by a National Assembly regularly elected by the whole of France. The necessity of finding the money for the *ateliers nationaux* fell upon the Assembly, and every additional million francs demanded met with increased protests from the deputies. These national workshops, or gangs of national workmen, had been in existence barely two months, and already they were recognized as a dan-

gerous drain upon the strength of the nation. M. Emile Thomas, the enthusiastic organizer of the scheme, did his best; he seems to have acted honestly, and he certainly preached honesty to others. At the same time he could not resist the temptation of utilizing the great army of men whom he controlled as an instrument with which to threaten the Government. At last the situation became intolerable, and on May 26 he was craftily kidnapped, by order of the Government, and sent under police escort to Bordeaux. An attempt was then made by the Government to substitute piece work for day-work, and also to send back to the provinces the men who had poured into Paris to enjoy the subsidized idleness provided in the *ateliers nationaux*. On June 22 an order was issued that all the national workmen between 17 and 25 were to enlist in the army, and that if they failed to do so they would cease to be entitled to maintenance. A large number of the rest of the men were ordered to enrol themselves for work in the country. An insurrection instantly broke out, barricades were erected, and for three days it was uncertain whether the Government or the unemployed would win. It was only on the fourth day that General Cavaignac was able to report that "order had triumphed over anarchy." Some 3000 persons were killed in the fighting, on one side or the other, and 3376 insurgents were arrested and transported to Algeria. That was the end of the "right to work" under the French Republic of 1848. In the words of Levasseur, "Jamais insurrection parisienne n'avait jusque-là fait verser tant de sang et causé tant de deuils."

It is important to note that the Government responsible for the famous decree of February 25 establishing the "right to work" was not a Government chosen by the people. It consisted of a little group of socialists who, by vir-

tue of an unexpectedly successful street riot, had been able to seize supreme power. They had for at least two months the whole machinery of the Government of France at their command, and they failed miserably.

Let us turn to another nation where a similar disaster was happily prevented by constitutional means. In the year 1893 the Swiss socialists put forward a proposal for the passing of a federal law which would guarantee sufficiently paid labor to every Swiss citizen. This proposal was supported by 52,000 signatures, and was, in accordance with the excellent constitution of Switzerland, submitted to a vote of the whole people.² The voting took place in June 1894, and the proposed "right to work" was negated by 308,280 votes to 75,880.

The prudence thus displayed by the democratic people of Switzerland has unfortunately not been repeated in the proceedings of the more aristocratic Government of Great Britain. Under the late Ministry, which was in name Conservative, an Act was passed which went perilously near to establishing the right to work. Under this Act a new authority has been created with the idea of providing employment at the expense of the ratepayer for those who claim to be unemployed. Fortunately the authors of this Act had not the courage to permit the new authority to make a direct levy upon the ratepayer, but it can act indirectly by inciting the borough councils to invent artificial jobs in order to make work for the unemployed. Some of these bodies had already shown that they needed no such incitement. Both in the metropolis and in provincial boroughs relief works have been fre-

quently started during the last few winters, with the result that the money of the ratepayer has been wasted, and the number of the unemployed has been increased. One Local Government Board inspector reports ("Times," Nov. 22, 1905) that in the principal towns of the West Riding of Yorkshire the conditions under which relief works have been established "afford every likelihood of a stereotyped class of men being evolved who will be content to live on three days' work a week." Another inspector writes:—

Irregular relief work has such charms that numerous instances have been noted of men throwing up regular wages at 18s. and 19s. a week to earn from 5s. to 7s. in a stone-yard.

In the case of the Manchester and Salford relief works it is reported that

Many men under a labor test left their work and forfeited the day's relief in order to join a procession of the unemployed.

An official from a country union writes in December 1905 ("Times," Dec. 26, 1905):

The scum of England is besieging London in the hope of sharing in the Queen's Unemployed Fund. Last week our worst character, who is known in all the gaols but two, and in many of the workhouses in England and Wales, took his discharge and announced his intention of proceeding direct to London to share in the great fund.

As an example of the kind of work provided by our sapient municipalities, we find that the borough of Stepney,

Kantone und der Gemeinden in jeder möglichen Weise praktische Geltung zu verschaffen." (The right to sufficiently paid labor is guaranteed to every Swiss citizen. The federal legislature, in co-operation with the cantons and communes, will give practical effect to this principle in every possible way.)

² The substantive clause of the proposal submitted to the Swiss electors was as follows: "Das Recht auf ausreichend lohnende Arbeit ist jedem Schweizerbürger gewährleistet. Die Gesetzgebung des Bundes hat diesem Grundsatz unter Mitwirkung der

in the winter of 1904-5, abandoned the use of road-sweeping machines and employed hand labor instead, with the result that work which should have cost only 486*l.* actually cost 3569*l.*

This may be regarded as an extreme case, but it only differs in degree from the experience of other borough councils in London. In every case the employment of the unemployed led to a wasteful expenditure of public money. The work was done less efficiently and at greater cost than it would have been done by ordinary workmen. The efficient workman lost a job in order that room might be made for one or more inefficient. Mr. Humphry, a poor law guardian of Paddington, writes:

I can speak from experience of one case of a vigorous young laborer bearing a very good character who was discharged from the parks because the unemployed were going to do his work; he told us that there were forty-six more in the same position!

Thus the famous right to work resolves itself into the right of one man to take another man's job.

As a final example of the results that ensue when public bodies attempt to make work for the unemployed, take the case of the reclamation works at Farnbridge undertaken by the Central Unemployed Body for London. On Nov. 26, 1906, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, the President of the Local Government Board stated that the total sum estimated to be expended on these works was 17,950*l.*; that about 200 acres of land were to be reclaimed; and that the value of the land after reclamation would be about 5*l.* an acre. So that the Central Unemployed Body is spending nearly 18,000*l.* in order to get back 1000*l.*

Let us now pass from these examples of the failure of professedly practical schemes for making work for the unemployed, and proceed to consider the

economic and moral principles involved. The proposition put forward by the socialists is that every man has a right to work. It is an excellent proposition for attracting applause, but it will not bear a moment's serious consideration. As it stands the proposition is meaningless, for the right to work is clearly worth nothing unless somebody is willing to pay for the work done. What the socialists really mean when they say that a man has a right to work is that he has a right to claim wages at the expense of people who do not want his work. That is a very different proposition, and we will presently deal with it.

First, however, it is important to note that the socialists themselves deny that very right to work which they profess to claim. They contend that a man has no right to work, though he may be anxious to work, if the conditions of employment are such as meet with their disapproval. English socialists have not yet gone so far as specifically to claim that they are justified in using physical force to prevent men from working, although one of their number has publicly pointed out the persuasive value of broken bottles. Continental socialists are less modest in their demands. In the city of Basle in Switzerland there is a police regulation of long standing which very properly prohibits the use of violence, threats, or personal abuse with the object of compelling persons to take part in labor disputes or to abstain from work. During the summer of 1907 the socialists of Basle formally proposed that this regulation should be repealed. Their proposal was submitted, by means of the referendum, to a popular vote of all the electors of the city and was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

It is clear from this illustration, as well as from the logic of the case, that when the socialists demand the right

to work the thing they ask for is not the thing they want. They ask for work; they want wages. Most of us can sympathize with the demand for wages. Most of us are wage earners, dependent for our living upon the wages we earn. But most of us have long ago learnt that in order to get wages a man must offer work which somebody wants, and must take the trouble to discover that somebody. If he fails to do this he is not justified in asking Parliament to force other people to pay him a wage for doing something which they do not want done. Possibly many people might be willing, as they certainly ought to be willing, to give him a helping hand. The duty of the strong to help the weak, of the fortunate to help the unfortunate, is instinctive in us because we are human beings. The beasts of the forest have no such instinct; they are pitiless to one another. But this duty that men feel because they are men, is not discharged, it is not even recognized, when the State compulsorily takes from Tom, Dick, and Harry, part of the wages which they earn, or part of the property which they possess, and hands the money over to some individual whom they perhaps have never seen. There is no trace of human kindness in such a transaction as this. The whole proceeding is impersonal and mechanical. It cannot possibly create any feeling of comradeship, or of sympathy with suffering. On the contrary, it may easily create a bitter sense of injustice and wrong. Therefore, on moral grounds, there is nothing whatever to be said in defence of the socialist proposal that people who have failed to find work—including those who have not looked for it—should be provided with wages by the State at the expense of men who have been more persistent or more fortunate. Such a policy, if carried into execution on any considerable scale, would cer-

tainly arouse an angry feeling of resentment, and thus tend to destroy that very sense of human comradeship which is so important an element of social progress.

This moral mischief would be so serious that we should hardly be justified in risking it for any economic advantage however great. When, however, we examine the economic aspects of the proposed right to work, we find that this socialist proposal is as unsound economically as it is dangerous morally. If every man knew that when he was out of work he had only to present himself at some government depôt, and that he would there obtain a definite wage in return for some undefined work, a large number of men would abandon their present occupations for the sake of a softer job.

That, indeed, is part of the programme of the Socialist party. They have a belief that by making soft jobs at the taxpayer's expense they can improve the general condition of the wage-earning classes. The fallacy arises from neglecting to ask what the taxpayer would have done with his money if he had not been compelled to give it up to the Government to pay for these soft jobs. Of necessity he would have spent it, directly or indirectly, in paying wages. When a lady buys a hat she is, in effect, paying the wages, not only of the workgirl who made the hat, but also of the operative who wove the ribbons or plaited the straw, and of the sailors, railway-men, carters, clerks, shop-assistants and others who by their labor, all contributed to the bringing together of the materials of which the hat is composed, and to its conveyance to the final purchaser. All these persons are ultimately dependent for their wages—or to be strictly accurate, for a proportional part of their wages—upon the lady who buys the hat. It may be that some ladies buy too many hats,

That is a moral question upon which a few words may presently be said. For the moment we are only concerned with the economic fact that a lady, by buying a hat, provides payment for the persons employed in making the hat and conveying it to her head. The same economic sequence of events applies to any money that is saved. By saving money a man transfers his power of spending it to the company or firm or corporation or government with whom he invests the money. In every case the money is spent, and, in being spent, provides for the payment of wages. When, then, money is taken from the taxpayer by the Government in order to provide wages for the unemployed, the people whose wages it now provides must suffer.

The position will be made clearer by taking a simple illustration. Suppose that an extra tax of 50*l.* a year is imposed upon a well-to-do citizen in order to obtain money for paying wages to the unemployed, and suppose that the well-to-do citizen finds that the most convenient way of meeting this extra burden is to get rid of one of his gardeners. It then becomes obvious that the supposed remedy has done nothing to remove the evil of unemployment. One unemployed man has been brought into employment, one gardener has been thrown out of employment.

That is what always happens, and always must happen. Every penny of public money raised by taxation comes out of private pockets, and therefore every class of public expenditure is accompanied by a minus of private expenditure. At the very best, government expenditure, whether for the benefit of the unemployed or for any other purpose, only shifts employment. It takes away work from the persons who would have been employed by private individuals and gives work to the persons selected for State employment.

Up to a certain point this transfer-

ence of employment is necessary. It is necessary that some men should be deprived of work as laborers or gardeners or grooms in order that they or other men may be employed as soldiers or sailors or policemen. It is necessary that cotton-spinners and iron-smelters, bootmakers and barbers, should often be short of work in order that money may be found to pay the salaries of his Majesty's judges and of a limited number of Cabinet Ministers and government clerks. Until the anarchist millennium arrives these government employes are necessary to keep the social machine in working order. Without them the economic structure of society—bad though it may be—would be dissolved into a worse chaos. But government employes, whatever their rank, and whatever the excuse for employing them, must justify their expenditure by the work they do. Unless this government work is more valuable to the nation than the work done by the persons thrown out of private employment there is no net gain. An unemployed man who is set to do useless work as an excuse for paying him wages is a mere drag upon the wealth of the nation. Economically it is far better that the money required for his wage should remain with the taxpayers to be spent by them, let us assume, in paying for the work of an additional boot-black. In each case the nation has to keep a man and to provide him with food and clothing and house-room, but in the case of an unemployed man who is only playing at work the nation gets back nothing; in the case of the boot-black it gets back cleaned and polished boots.

The sole test then is the test of utility. Does the nation want the new work, on which it is proposed to employ the unemployed, as much as it wants the old work now being done by persons who will be thrown out of employment when the taxpayer is called

upon to pay for the new work? Only one answer is possible to that question. If the nation really wanted this new work done, we should set about doing it without regard to the problem of employment. We do not engage postmen in order to provide wages for the unemployed. We engage them because we want our letters carried. In the same way if we came to the conclusion that it was desirable to plant forests on the moors of Scotland or Yorkshire we should set about that business with the sole idea of doing the work as efficiently and as economically as possible. We should get together the workmen best suited to the job, and give them, as far as possible, permanent billets. Their employment on this work would make no difference to the present unemployed problem. The trees that it is proposed to plant upon Scotch moors will give back no return for many years to come. In the meantime the men employed in planting and tending them can only be paid with money which otherwise would have been used to pay the wages of other persons. Consequently, there is no addition to the sum total of present employment. One man has been thrown out of work and another man brought into work. In a word, we cannot create additional employment unless simultaneously we create additional wealth with which to pay for it.

This proposition is so important that it is well to enlarge upon it. By employment is clearly meant paid employment. Nobody would stir up a political agitation to secure the privilege of working without pay. What then is pay? In the first instance pay is made in money, but the money is promptly converted into the things and services the workman wants for his own life and the life of his family—bread and butter and cheese, coats and shirts and stockings, chairs and tables,

saucepans and fire-grates, timber for flooring, and tiles for a roof. Without these things he cannot live; these and similar commodities and conveniences are the things he works for. They are his pay. At once, then, it becomes clear that we cannot increase the sum total of paid employment, unless we also increase the volume of commodities and conveniences which all men want. None of the proposed schemes for State employment for the unemployed do this. They are all designed, not to produce things that somebody wants, but to provide an excuse for paying wages to people who cannot find work. In every case the work is made for the sake of the workman, and that very fact implies that the work is not wanted for its own sake. It is therefore less valuable to the nation than work undertaken for ordinary commercial or national motives. Yet, in order that this work may be paid for, the taxpayer is deprived of the power to pay for work that he wanted done. His employes will lose their employment. Men who were doing something that was wanted will cease to work, in order that others may be employed upon something that is not wanted. Under such conditions the production of desirable things, or wealth, will be diminished; there will be less wealth available for the payment of labor, and therefore less employment. This is why schemes of State employment for the unemployed of necessity intensify the very evil they are intended to remedy, and ought, therefore, to be resolutely and relentlessly opposed by all who wish to diminish the hideous evil of unemployment.

We can only diminish that evil by improving the organization of industry so that work is made less irregular, and by increasing the efficiency of labor so that more wealth is produced. In the case of seasonal trades, men

should be encouraged to learn a second trade so that they may be able to work all the year round. In the case of intermittent work such as dock labor, it ought to be possible to organize unskilled labor on a semi-military system through the agency of some labor company or labor trust. In such an organization the men would receive a retaining wage as servants of the labor company, and an additional payment when sent out to work. There seems no reason why a company for the supply of manual labor should not be as commercially successful, and as nationally beneficial, as a railway company that supplies transport or a gas company that supplies light. More generally, we want to encourage permanence in the contracts between workmen and employers. The period of engagement ought in most industries to be lengthened, and the contract of employment ought always to provide for reasonable notice on either side before the engagement is terminated. In these and in other directions there is enormous scope for the improvement of our industrial organization both in outline and in detail; but this valuable work has been largely neglected, while money and time have been lavished upon charitable and semi-socialistic schemes which only deal with external symptoms and leave the inward disease as bad or worse than before.

In addition to improving the organization of industry we must, if we wish to make any serious progress, increase the efficiency of labor. The most potent instrument for this purpose is the extended use of machinery. There was a time when the working classes of this country were bitterly opposed to the extension of machinery, and even now traces of the old spirit are still to be found; but on the whole the value of machinery to the wage earner is now so fully recognized that it is

hardly worth while to say a word in explanation of its economic effect. Not only does the machine increase the earning power of each individual workman, but by multiplying commodities it lowers their price and benefits the workman in his capacity as a consumer as well as in his capacity as a producer.

In the same way Free-trade by placing at our command the more fertile soil or the more favorable climate of other lands, enables us to add to those commodities which are the real wages of labor, and thus to increase employment. The wheat grown on the broad and sunny plains of Argentina is cheaper and better than the wheat grown in the moisture-laden atmosphere of England. It yields cheaper and better bread. But if bread be cheaper every housewife in the country will have more money left to spend on other things, and by buying these other things she is giving employment to British labor in factory and in workshop.

Next in importance, if not of even greater importance, is the question of the output of work by the individual workman. No one familiar with the facts will deny that the wealth production of this country is very seriously diminished by the prevalence of the absurd theory that a man who works hard is keeping another man out of a job. If this were true, then it would follow that the best way in which a workman could help his comrades would be by doing no work at all, which leads to the absurdity that constant employment will be secured for everybody when nobody does any work. The fallacy, of course, arises from forgetfulness of the fact that the wealth produced by the work of one man constitutes the wages of another, and that the real employers of the working classes are, in the main, the working classes themselves. The more wealth

each workman produces the greater is the sum available for the wages of other workmen. Unfortunately the absurd theory above referred to is not only widely held but widely acted upon. Many workmen, when paid by time, deliberately make a rule of doing, not the maximum which their strength and health would reasonably permit, but the minimum which will pass muster with the foreman. The amount of labor power thus annually wasted and lost for ever is incalculable. This important question may be commended to the consideration of trade union leaders. There is no point on which their influence could more profitably be employed for the advantage of the men they lead. It would be well if every trade union placed at the head of its rules some such declaration as the following:

It is the duty of every member of this society to work to the best of his ability in return for the wages he has agreed to accept. Any member who is proved to be deliberately evading this obligation will be expelled from the society.

It is hardly necessary to add that the moral obligation to work to the best of one's ability is not confined to the wage-earning classes. A clear obligation rests upon men and women of independent means to do useful work however wealthy they may be. By working they give back to the community something in return for what they consume, and to that extent they increase the wealth available for the use of the nation. To sum up in a sentence: the right to work which socialists claim does not exist and cannot exist; but the duty to work does exist, and if we all discharge that duty to the best of our ability there will be no lack of means to provide for the payment of everybody.

There will, however, still remain the

possibility that the wealth produced so plentifully may be spent so carelessly that many members of the community will still be unable to obtain the requisites for decent human life. The question of expenditure must therefore be considered as well as the question of production. Indeed, as an immediate issue, it is almost the most important, for if the expenditure of all classes were wisely directed we could, even with our present production of wealth, secure an immense improvement in the comfort and well-being of the poorer classes.

There is first the question of drink. No one familiar with the facts will deny that it is quite a common thing for a workman who is earning 25s. to 30s. a week to spend five or six of those shillings on drink alone. In bad cases the proportion of drink expenditure to home expenditure is far higher. Now not only does this extravagant expenditure upon one item of personal gratification lower the standard of home life; it also diminishes the earning capacity of the workman himself.

Betting is another habit which is often carried to such excess as to destroy the industry of the workman and to deprive his family of the necessities of life. Hardly less serious is the waste due to the carelessness or the ignorance of the housewife. Those who work among the poor are constantly reminded that the waste of good food that daily goes on in poor households is appalling, and that there is a similar waste of clothing through inability or unwillingness to give what our grandmothers were fond of calling "a stitch in time." In this matter, unfortunately, false economic theories and foolish social standards block the way to improvement. In all classes there is an idea that wasteful expenditure is "good for trade," and that the prevention of waste savors of mean-

ness. Purely wasteful expenditure—for example, burning electric light in an empty room or throwing good food upon the dust heap—only destroys wealth, and thus diminishes the means available for paying wages. As Bastiat pointed out more than sixty years ago, when a window-pane is broken a job is indeed made for the glazier; but if the pane had not been broken the shilling paid for its replacement would have been available for some other purpose, say, to pay the baker for making a cake, and the world would have been a shilling cake to the good. The present generation has unfortunately forgotten the instinctive wisdom of its grandparents, who acted upon the maxim "waste not, want not"; nor has it yet been educated to the wider truth that all waste involves a needless diminution of the wealth out of which wages are paid, and thus reduces the income of the wage-earning classes. If the waste and the drink and the betting that daily go on could be brought to an end, the improvement effected in the condition of the wage-earning classes would secure far more than is offered by the whole budget of social reforms which Parliament is asked to provide.

Needless to say, it is not the poorer classes only who are to blame for foolish expenditure. At both ends of the social scale there is a wicked waste of national wealth, and even the middle classes will, in their franker moments, admit that, while possessing most of the virtues of mankind, they are not quite perfect, even when they call themselves socialists. A prominent and prosperous socialist, when recently challenged with regard to the spaciousness of his own manner of living, seemed to think that it was a sufficient defence to answer that he was enabled to rob the community because of our iniquitous social system, which he hoped would some day be changed.

Yet surely the proposition here implied is the very negation of social morality. The possession of wealth means power to command human labor. When we spend our money we are in effect ordering our fellow-creatures to do something that we want done; and whether it is a wise thing or a foolish thing that we want, the thing will be done. Surely, then, some responsibility rests upon those who possess this irresistible power. No man has a moral right to compel a whole army of workmen to spend their days in the performance of tasks which merely minister to his pleasure. The chance which has placed such power in his hand does not relieve him of the duty of acting as a responsible member of the human family, not as an irresponsible unit in a chaos of atoms.

This is why it was cautiously hinted above that some ladies possibly spend too much money on hats. We should all be sorry if no pretty hats were ever to be seen; but we have to realize that one fashionable hat will often cost as much as twenty quite reasonably pretty ones which would have given pleasure to twenty women instead of one. Of course it is possible that a lady, when she buys an expensive hat, is thinking more of the pleasure she will give to others by displaying a beautiful object for the public eye to rest upon, than of the pleasure she will herself derive from the pride of possession. That is a good enough defence, if defence were needed, for a reasonable expenditure on personal adornment, and few men would be rash enough to attempt to say what is a reasonable scale of feminine expenditure. The whole point is that what we spend upon ourselves cannot be spent upon others. The fact that we give employment by our personal expenditure is no moral defence for it. We should give just as much employment, neither more nor less, if we spent

the same amount of money on other people. A man may add another story to his own house, or he may build half a dozen houses for his poorer neighbors. In each case the same amount of honest employment has been given, but in the one case he has added a little bit to his own personal satisfaction, in the other case he has conferred a boon of the utmost value upon those less fortunate than himself.

It does not follow that a man has no right to think of himself in spending his money. The whole question is one of balance. We owe a duty to ourselves as well as to others; we owe a duty to others as well as to ourselves. And this is the final reason why we should refuse to treat the State as a universal providence, for if we look to the State to supply all our wants and discharge all our duties we destroy at one and the same time our capacity for individual initiative and our sense of moral obligation. If the rich man is told that he is to be taxed 2s., 3s., 4s. in the £ to provide work for the unemployed, pensions for the aged, or food for other people's children, why should he worry to make good use of the power that fortune has placed in his hands? It will be vain to tell him that he ought not to squander his fortune on selfish ephemeral pleasure, but so to use it as to add to the permanent wealth of his country and to the happiness of her people. He will only reply, "I have paid my income tax.

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Let me eat, drink, and be merry till January next."

There is too much of this spirit in our midst at present. Let us beware of making it universal. Nothing that government officials can do will ever make up for the loss of the sense of individual duty; for if that disappears the all-powerful State itself will become impotent by the drying up of the human sources of its power. But there is a force that will work as long as men are left free to be men—the force of sympathy. It is to that force we have to appeal. We have to urge that those who are strong, whether in body or in brain or in purse, shall use their strength to help the weak. No class is exempt from this obligation, which lies upon rich and poor alike; but the rich with greater power have greater responsibility. Nor is that responsibility discharged by sending cheques to fashionable charities. Most rich men have brains as well as cheque-books, and it is their duty to think out for themselves how they can best spend their money so as to benefit their fellow-men. They will doubtless make blunders, and have to retrace their steps. But the blunders will be less serious and more curable than they would be if the State, with its wholesale, mechanical, impersonal methods, were to try to do what can only be effectively done under the guidance of individual thought, under the inspiration of human sympathy.

BU GIDRI.

The little holes which seamed his rugged Berber face had given him the title of the Father of Small-pox, which he—after the fashion of his countrymen, who take all, rain, wind, sun, good and bad fortune, wounds, prison, mutilation, even death itself, as being actual and direct manifestations of the

Will Divine—had cheerfully accepted, and bore as uncomplainingly as he had borne the illness from which he took his name. Half Pagan, half Mohammedan, after the fashion of the race from which most likely sprang St. Augustine, although he thought himself a firm believer, Bu Gidri was employed

as soldier in the British consulate at Fez. Dressed in the Arab clothes which rarely suit a Berber, for the two races are as distinct as are the English and the French, he strove, though mean of stature and appearance, to look a swaggerer, and had grown the two long locks on either temple which are the outward visible sign of the official of the court. His pointed fez, and sword cocked up behind in the Arab style, gave him an air as of a monkey on a barrel organ. Such was his outward mien, but those who knew him knew that he was brave, staunch, obstinate as a mule, and one of those able to knock a nail into a plank by beating on it with his forehead, and then, if the necessity arose, to draw it with his teeth. Being a Berber, he had the catlike love of places, unknown to Arabs, who for the most part live and die, as it were on a journey, sleeping and dying on the road. Their very cemeteries are often unenclosed, and merely set about with pieces of rough stone, through which run shortcuts, death-traps to horsemen, who, trusting to the will of Allah at night, cross them at highest speed, knowing that those who sleep below the stones all were bold riders to a man.

Withal, Bu Gidri was an honest and a conscientious man, one that no gold could buy, a thing unknown amongst the Arabs, with whom a key of gold opens all locks. Slow-witted, but tenacious of ideas when once they filtered through his skull into his brain, those who employed him knew him for a man to send upon a desperate errand should the necessity arise, certain that he would reach the place to which they sent him, or die upon the quest.

Though, as a Mussulman, one portion of his life was shut from all mankind, as with all the Arabs, with whom a frank exterior serves as a water-tight bulkhead between them and the world. At times, when asked about "his

house"—the formula employed by Mussulmen when asking after one another's families—he would launch into details, and say that "she" was well, and then, pull himself up and stammer and drift off into praises of his little boy, who he averred, with the innocent fatuity of fathers, Mussulman and Christian alike, was a wonder.

To the outward eye, the marvel was a dirty little boy in a torn yellow shirt, barefooted and black-eyed, and with a little close-shaved bullet-head, on which you could have struck a match had it not here and there been spotted with a white eruption, nauseous to behold. But, for his reticence about his family affairs he quite made up by his garrulity about a certain little pacing pony that he had bought in the Ait-Yusi country, and which he swore could go from Fez to Tangier in three days, and that so smoothly that he could carry in his hand a glass of water and never spill a drop. This equine paragon was a cow-hocked and fiddle-headed beast, of a light cream color with black points, and had an eye bloodshot and dangerous-looking, which did not in the least belie his temper, for to approach him was to expose oneself to be kicked or bitten, or to receive a blow from his fore feet, which if it carried home would have been fatal, for rising up he used to launch his feet into the air, just as a boxer hits, and scream with fury, if he did not know his man. Once saddled and the Moorish bit jammed home between his yellow teeth, which operation usually entailed tying his feet together with a rope, or putting on a twitch, he then became as gentle as a sheep, after the way of many horses in the East.

Tied to a tree or post, nodding his head, with the flies clustered in bunches round his eyes, the high red Arab saddle towering like a howdah on his back, he looked fitted for nothing but to draw water from a well. Yet when his mas-

ter got upon his back, which feat he executed indifferently from either side, holding his gun, full five feet long, enclosed in a red case, and drove the edge of the sharp Arab stirrup into his belly, he pricked his long lop ears and a light shone in his red eye which gave a promise of interior graces not revealed by his exterior, and he impressed you just as S. Paul when he had begun to launch into his theme must have impressed the men of Athens, who had despised the ugly little Jew. But, with defects and all, he was the apple of Bu Gidri's eye, and though he seldom rode him but for powder play, when he would gallop him about as if possessed, wheeling and turning him with the strong Arab bit just as a gull turns wheeling in the air, it yet was his delight to tend him and, above all, to talk about his powers. Most of his time the horse spent in a yard, exposed to rain and snow, up to his fetlocks in the mud in winter, and in the summer a prey to flies, and screaming savagely if any other horse came near him, as he laid back his ears.

His master during the daytime generally sat inside the doorway of the British Consulate, looking at nothing, now and then drinking a cup of sweet green tea flavored with leaves of mint. His duties sometimes took him to the post-office or to some other consulate, and now and then mounted upon his horse, his gun in hand, he rode behind the consul into the country to a picnic, his features fixed and quite impressionless and his blue cloth "selham," which if he had but been an Arab would have been draped in graceful folds or flown behind him as he rode, swathing his body like the clothes which in more Christian lands a monkey wears upon an organ when it flops up and down as the Italian turns the handle which grinds the music out.

Never in all his time of service, which had extended over years, had he

been sick or sorry, or been away upon a holiday, so that one morning when he appeared, expressionless as usual, to ask permission to be absent for a week to go to Tangier, he got it willingly. Thanking the consul in the unceremonious way a man returns his thanks in countries like Morocco—where, if permission is not given at once, the man who asks usually takes it on himself to grant it—he said, as if the thing had happened to another, "My son is dead; little Hamido whom you knew. I want to bury him amongst my people, after the fashion of my folk." Without a word about the will of Allah, which, had he been an Arab, he would have quoted gravely, partly to show his faith and partly to conceal his grief, he turned and left the room. What passed that afternoon in the mysterious interior of his house only himself could tell. Early next morning, just as the furtive streaks of red which split the sky into a sort of pattern had appeared, about an hour before the dawn, the sleepy gatewards in the dark passage under the massive archway of the Babel-Gizeh received his salutation as he passed out of the town.

Mounted upon his pacing nag, his gun beneath his thigh, and balancing a little bundle wrapped in white rags upon the pommel of his saddle, he twitched his bridle, and making the pony toss his head, and change his feet twice or thrice hurriedly before he fell into his pace, struck into the road.

The crenellated walls of Fez, flanked here and there by towers, on which stood storks asleep upon one leg or flapping lazily as the dawn slowly crept across the sky, ran on the right, and on the left a vast flat plain, dotted with tents which sprang like mushrooms from the sandy soil, extended to a range of hills, now wreathed in mist through which the scattered houses just appeared, ghostly and white, and dripping with the dew.

When he had passed beyond the walls he turned, and, looking back at Fez, saw it rise from the sandy hollows where it lies, transformed and glorious, dazzlingly white as is a water-lily, silent and ghostly in the early morning air, with every marking on the houses and the mosques so clear and well defined that it appeared that he could touch them with his hand. Rising a little in the saddle, he settled all his clothes, and pressed the stirrup in his pony's footsteps deadened in the sand, struck into a pace between a trot and canter, swaying his rider to and fro, just like a camel, as he shuffled through the sand.

Muffled in his white haik, which swathed him like a mummy, silent and sorrowful, bearing his little dusky bundle balancing between his body and the pommel of his high red saddle, the pony's footsteps deadened in the sand, Bu Gidri passed so quietly through the now sunlit plain, that he appeared like death on his pale horse, prowling round stealthily to mark his sheep. All day he paced along, jerking his pony's mouth occasionally after the Arab fashion, making the bridle ring against his teeth when the beast broke his pace or seemed to weary, and with his stirrup pressed into its side. He passed the great red hill, traversing first the sandy lanes, hedged on both sides with aloes, and then the wood of olives, till he stood on the ridge, from which Fez looks like a mere blotch of dazzling whiteness floating in the air. The noonday heat caught him close to a brick-arched well, beside which springs a palm-tree, with its roots in water and its head in fire.

Lighting down carefully as must a man who wears voluminous clothes and keeps his slippers on by a perpetual contraction of the feet, he led his horse into the shade, balancing carefully the precious bundle on the saddle with his other hand. Then laying it upon a

stone he pulled his horse towards him sharply by the tail to see if it stood firm and had not felt the five hours' steady work upon the road.

Loosening the girths, he put the hobbles on its feet and let it browse upon the scanty grass which grew about the well. Then sitting down he ate a piece of brown and gritty bread, moistening his thumb to gather up the crumbs, not on account of hunger, but from the sacred character bread has amongst the Moors, who hold it impious to waste a particle of the chief blessing God has given man.

Kief, smoked in a minute and curiously shaped pipe, the stem of which was a light cane about a foot in length, carved in concentric patterns, threw him into that state of half contemplation, half of dreaminess, which overtakes all those who fall into the habit, and then, rising to drink a little water, he tightened his girths, bitted his pony, and swinging slowly into his high saddle, leaned back against the cantle, now and then slipping one of his feet out of the heavy stirrups to rub his stiffened knees, and once again took up his march, refreshed by his brief halt.

Night overtook him at the Hájara Cherifa, on the Sebou, where he entered a zariba, and, after looking to his horse, sat talking of the price of barley, the doings of the tribes, always either in rebellion or ready to break out, till the food was ready, and after eating heartily of the wheaten porridge, known as *couscousou*, threw down more barley for his horse upon a saddlecloth, and lying down close to him, fell into the broken sleep usual to horsemen on a solitary ride. During the night he woke occasionally, and watched his horse munching his corn, and later standing sleeping, resting a leg, and with one ear laid back upon his neck.

Long before daylight he had saddled up, and joined a caravan to cross the

river, which lay deep down below the village, a mere white ribbon in the mist. Slowly the train of horses and of mules, followed by a long string of camels, slithered and stumbled down the slope. At first they crossed a tract of stones, on which grew tamarisks, stunted and broken by the browsing of the goats, then they passed several branches of the stream, and lastly entered the main channel, which, gray and cold, brawled through the stones, affording a precarious footing for the beasts.

Pressing in front, Bu Gidri passed the river with the water to his saddle skirts, the current edging his horse sideways, until he reached the bank. The pony scaled it like a cat, and shook the water off him like a Newfoundland dog, and as his rider turned to see the others cross, the dawn just lit up the encircling hills, making the tops float in the mist, mysterious, and looking like extinct volcanoes in the moon. It fell upon the rock from which the crossing takes its name, of Hájara Cherifa, and showed it standing gaunt, a natural obélisque upon its plain, a palm tree growing at its base, and giving it an air as of a temple, raised by nature to some strange deity, never known to man.

Leaving the caravan, Bu Gidri pushed on over the stony plain, crossing the Ardatz and the Wergha, high up in their course, where they present an infinity of little streams, meandering through sheets of pebbles, and came by noonday with his horse still full of strength, to where a stream just issues from a ruined Roman wall. Fish played about the entrance of the pool, and, as the shadow of the horseman fell upon the water, darted into the dark recesses of the arch. Here he passed the hottest hours, waiting for when the sun, the enemy of man in Africa, should fall a little—and once again pushed on.

The heat rose from the stones as

from a lime-kiln heated to its extremest point, and with his head bowed in his hulk he still pushed onwards, the sweat dripping from off his horse's belly, and drying white and saltish on his coat. At times Bu Gidri crooned a high-pitched Berber song, but always kept a watchful eye on the horizon, just as a sailor scans the sea, observing nothing near him, but on the watch for anything unusual on the limit of his view. The setting sun saw him just passing down the steep red track, from where, amongst the orange gardens, Alcázar just appears set in its woods and cultivated grounds, a league or two away. Fear fell upon him that he should find the gates all closed against him, for he knew that raiding mountaineers from Gibel Zarzar and the adjoining hills made the outskirts of the town dangerous at night to him who sleeps alone. So he pressed on, after a good look at his horse, and after feeling him sharply in the mouth, to try his spirit, with the fixed look and constant shogging of the feet, which come upon a horseman, all unknown to him, towards the evening of a long march, when there is still a mile or two to do before the sun has set.

Nobly the pacing pony answered to his call, switching his scraggy tail, and scurrying along the road so smoothly that the little bundle scarcely moved, just kept in place by a light pressure of the rider's hand. He reached the Koos, which runs between high banks, and where the ford makes a great horseshoe bend, to avoid the fury of the stream. Putting its feet together in a bunch the pony slithered down the muddy bank, and in a moment Bu Gidri found himself contending with the flood.

The men who hang about the ford to help the passers-by and to point out the passage, had returned to town, leaving the river desolate, gray, foaming, and broken into rapids here and

there, the outer one of which was certain death to the unwary horseman who essayed to cross. Carefully fixing both his eyes upon a tree which stood out on the further bank, he spurred his pony into the deeper water, which in the twilight seemed about to overwhelm him as it banked up upon the weather side, and flowed across the saddle for a step or two. Then suddenly it shallowed, and entering the slack water Bu Gidri waded to the bank, and, coming out amongst the orange gardens on the top, set his horse galloping, and did not stop, till he came to the gate, which he found just about to close, and passed into the town just as the call to evening prayer rang out from the high towers cased in dark metallic tiles, which rise like lighthouses from the flat sea of yellow houses and the thatched negro huts. But sixty miles were left to ride, so he slept well, and rising early took his way across the black alluvial plain, where by the Wad M'hasen runs the long bridge which marks the battlefield on which the ill-fated King of Portugal was slain, although some look for him still to come back and claim his kingdom after three hundred years. Knowing he now could reach his village in good time Bu Gidri rode along less anxiously, his pony eating the road, as say the Arabs, like

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clockwork, pacing so steadily that his master never felt the pace, which seemed to skim the surface of the ground just as a sledge flies on the surface of the snow. Towards evening he crossed the Ackbal Hamara, leading his horse down the steep, craggy track that goes down to the plain. He passed Ain Dallia, and then in an hour more, upon a little hill, rode into the sea breeze, which seemed like coming into paradise after a day or two in hell.

He reached his village outside Tangier just at nightfall and dismounted at a house. Almost at daybreak he was afoot with one or two companions and an old woman whom he had hired to wall beside the grave. With hoes they hacked a hole in the rough stony village cemetery, and quite impassively Bu Gidri laid the bundle in the grave; the woman broke out into a shrill, ear-piercing lamentation, and the brief ceremony was at an end. All day he lounged about Tangier smoking a pipe or two of kief, and drinking tea occasionally just to show he was in town. Next morning saw him on the road, and on the eighth day after leaving Fex the consul, going to his office, found him at his post seated at the front door, and with an air as of a man who has performed a duty, sheepish but still self-satisfied, and a little blackened by the sun.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

THE WINTER DAY

This little space of misty winter day,
 How like a flash it goes;
 From its late rising to its early close.
 How swift it passes and is rolled away;
 Yet we can make it hold
 All new delights and high enchantments old,
 And children's voices, and their pretty sport.
 The keener, being short;
 The while
 With winsome smile
 And song and laugh, in mere excess of joy.

The noisy troop their little limbs employ;
And, though the sun, the pale and hazy sun,
Hangs low beyond the hill,
And the north wind blows chill,
They brook no rest as o'er the white-rimed lawn they run.

And now it comes,
The breakfast-time of birds,
The chosen moment for the scattered crumbs
And due enticing words,
And soon a feathered riot is afoot,
A dusky welter on the whitened lawn
Of little shapes that from the early dawn
Watched to be sure of this their daily loot:
Thrushes, and blackbirds, and a jostling crowd
Of bob-tailed purple starlings, and a cloud
Of sparrows, and that high aristocrat
In red and brown,
The comfortable, fat,
Round robin who looks down,
Hopping apart, on all this eager noise
And these too fevered crumb-devouring joys.

And next on the frozen marsh at ease
We glide on our gleaming skates,
While some of us cut our Q's and threes,
And some of us cut our eights;
And some of us scrape and others scratch,
While ever the surface rings
To the swift appeal
Of the sharp-edged steel,
And even a laggard can fairly match
The pace of a pair of wings.
And somebody tries to make a loop,
And doesn't he stagger and twist and stoop!
He throws up his arm, and then goes plump
On the broad of his back with an awful bump.
And still, while the skaters are gliding and toiling,
The little boys keep their pot-a-boiling.

And now we're home to our heart's desire,
A jolly tea and a crackling fire,
And a round of stories to close the day
In a land that's peopled with elf and fay.
And it's always a chorus of "More, more, more,"
Till suddenly some one raps the door;
And then the very last word is said,
And they're up and away and off to bed.

Punch.

R. C. Lehmann.

ENGLAND AND MR. MEREDITH.

That the eightieth anniversary of Mr. Meredith's birth should be regarded as an event, is in itself a fact of some significance. That a writer so "difficult," so long neglected, so contemptuous of "little people and of fools," should be able to sell his novels in cheap editions (*caviare* demanded by the general), that even the small numbers who admire his poetry should be on the increase, that he should be regarded as the head of English letters, all this is a credit to modern England. The "materialist" and "sentimentalist" who alike stand within the wide range of Mr. Meredith's antipathy, cannot be the only component parts of the world that thus does him honor.

But the world that so honors him is the English world alone. A slight interest in his works and personality recently visible in French literary circles is merely the reflex of his English reputation. Mr. Meredith may make what boast he will of his Welsh-Irish origin (and it is one important fact in his genius), he may express his distaste for many of our English ways, he may praise foreign nations for this or that, but foreign nations could no more have produced him than we could have produced Molière. The very eccentricities of his style and genius, much as they have impeded his popularity in England, would have cut him off from any recognition in the more academical environment of French literature. More than this, he and the inhabitants of his novels live and move and have their being in English life, and if he were not always encompassed by this responsive atmosphere, his words would echo back to him off the deaf vault of the universe. "It is England nourishing, England protecting him, England clothing him in the honor he wears." Nothing in fact is more highly signifi-

cant of what England stands for in the nobler aspects of modern civilization than her production of this man and his work, and her final acceptance of him still alive into the ample Pantheon of her great men.

Our relation to this child of the Celts is typical of the assimilative power of the rich, deep, various life of our country, that is so largely hospitable and tolerant because it has no fear of losing its fundamental character. Mr. Meredith's wild Celtic imagination, the basal fact of his literary power, has been turned to the uses of the English, to show us our follies and to glorify our most distinctive virtues; to gibbet for us our own Willoughby; to exhibit in all their worth our Vernons, our Roses, our Janets, and our Beauchamps; to teach our raw Wilfreds and Evans the true choice of the path between duty and egoism, love and sentimentality; to make our English landscape glow with a redoubled glory and to people it with our Richards and Lucies; to make our English days and nights, dewy fields and nightingale-haunted thickets, breathe, as of old, into our English hearts our own fighting faith in the goodness of the world and the value of life. Such are the uses to which this Celtic poet has turned his gifts of wild vision and of winged words. All this magnificent Walpurgis night of the intellect and imagination to show us plain Vernon Whitford! All the wonder and wealth of the Hall of Akis to turn a conceited young barber's nephew into a true man! Surely none but we English, to whom "conduct is three-fourths of life," would hold such a conclusion to be anything but lame and impotent. But this Celtic Englishman has made us feel the poetic beauty of life, not only on the solitary hills of Wales or Ireland, but yet more in the

heart of modern civilized life—where there is any effort being made, however blindly, to live it aright. Celtic poetry, in its uncontaminated essence, such as in our generation we get it from the adherents of the Gaelic League, is a pure rushing stream, straight from the mountain—yet it turns no wheel. But the great flood that Mr. Meredith has guided turns for the English the mills of the gods.

Thus with an imagination so brilliant as to verge sometimes on the insane, he preaches truest sanity. And it is partly for this reason that he has established so great a hold upon so many of the English. At bottom, they say, this man stands for illuminated common sense, for all his wit, his odd style and his flights of fancy; so too, in spite of some wild notions, he stands for morality and the serious study of conduct, for the social order, and for the social spirit. The need of such a man, among the great men of our day, is a felt want. Our typical modern writers, when not antinomian and frankly individualist, are more interested in analysis, like Mr. Henry James, or in new ideas and plenty of them, like Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, than in character and the conduct of life as we find it. The problem of character—what it is and how it is to be obtained—is the primary interest of Mr. Meredith, and he is great enough, witty enough, poet enough to be able to deal with the problem of conduct without fear of being set down as a prig, in a generation of writers nervously sensitive to the charge of being "too serious." Above all, he has more light to throw on the problem of conduct than had Carlyle, than has Tolstoy. There is an immense force in "Sartor" which renders it an inspiration for youth in trouble, for all ages to come; but there is in it not more than a limited amount of guidance as to direction. Tolstoy again, at least

in his old age, seems to consider conduct in its narrowest sense as *four* parts of life, and proposes to sacrifice at its shrine literature, art, and innocent pleasures. But Mr. Meredith knows well the essential place in any true scheme of morality of those

Pleasures that through blood run sane, Quickening spirit from the brain.

Thus Mr. Meredith links up the old Puritan in us with the modern moralist of a broader and more hard-thinking school.

Of course Mr. Meredith's particular judgments are not always right. Carinthia Jane's final choice takes away from the attractiveness of her character as drawn in the earlier parts of the book, and seems a hardhearted perversion of the author's own laws of right and wrong. Instances might be multiplied. But on the whole his novels perform in the highest degree that function of "criticism of life" for which Matthew Arnold absurdly looked in the "Ode to the West Wind," and absurdly found in "Childe Harold." Of course, Mr. Meredith's moral does not hang like a tail from the dog, but is immanent in the psychological analysis and the poetic charm of the book. His novels are not ethical tracts like "Resurrection." But none the less one reason why they have caught so strong a hold on many people in England is that they are a natural development in the straight line of English literary tradition, which in poetry and fiction alike has always been profoundly "serious."

Unless Mr. Meredith's novels were great literature, the views of life and conduct implied in them would count for nothing. But the world has acclaimed them as great literature. On what is that judgment based? Judged by the standard of ordinary novels, they fall in many respects. The plot is sometimes rather absurd, and some-

times it is rather dull. The structure is inferior to that of many writers who would readily acknowledge themselves his inferiors. Novels like "Vittoria," that begin in splendor, lose themselves in the last part of the volume in wearisome shallows and miseries. The psychological probability, often so illuminating and convincing, yields no less often to the dictates of an exuberant fancy; in the art of sustaining psychological probability throughout the book, Tolstoy is immeasurably his superior. Of the frequent obscurities of style it is unnecessary to speak. Against these plain defects, which are all that the purblind can see, what are the literary qualities which have carried the novels to triumph?

In the first place his style, whenever it is not ruined by its crabbedness, is a new discovery in the power and beauty of words. It is and must remain unique. It can found no school. There are good reasons why it should never be imitated—except in spirit. But at its best it is, like the best Carlylese and the best of Browning, a joy for ever. In the second place, his psychological insight, when it is not misled by his imagination, is original and true in a very high degree. Next, we must

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take account of his Celtic fancy, now drolly humorous, now luxuriantly imaginative, playing round the well-known scenes and figures and doings of English life, delighting us at least as often and as much as it detracts from our sense of the probability of the tale. But the chief quality of all is poetry; the Celtic fancy in its less capricious, more serious and more exalted moments. The two great themes of English poetical tradition—love and nature-worship—receive continual adornment throughout the novels of the man who wrote "Love in the Valley." Chapters XV., XIX., XLII. of "Richard Feverel" would alone entitle Mr. Meredith to a place among the great prose-poets of our race. And this element is a constant factor throughout his novels. Poetry is always lying in ambush and springing out upon the reader, sometime at most unexpected moments. More than this, the general spirit of his whole work, as he tells his stories of men and women in town and country, by day and by night, fills us with the sense of the glory and beauty of life. To a race or a generation of men who had lost that sense, what use were there in art, in psychology, or in literature itself?

G. M. Trevelyan.

THE MORAL OF THE LISBON TRAGEDY.

The late King of Portugal was a brave and accomplished gentleman. He had the tastes and character that peculiarly appeal to English sentiment. The jovial manliness of his bearing on his too rare and too brief visits to these shores was felt, and sincerely felt, far beyond the circles of the Court. He was the friend not only of our King but of our country. He rendered us, soon after the Jameson Raid, a timely and conspicuous service. The ancient ties that unite us to Portugal received at his hands a fresh confirma-

tion and re-enforcement. His Queen, as the Prime Minister remarked in his graceful and feeling speech, was born and reared in England and has always looked upon this country as her second home. We had watched King Carlos' handling of the political crisis in Portugal with some misgivings but with more admiration. We believed him to be seeking, without a thought of self and by methods that imposed upon him an almost intolerable burden of anxiety, the permanent good of his people. For these reasons the tragedy of the

1st of February, from which no circumstance was lacking that could accentuate its horror, came home to Englishmen with a special and intimate poignancy, and Parliament, the pulpit, the Press, and the unstudied utterances of the people themselves, have given ample and genuine expression to our sympathy with the victims of one of the most brutal crimes in history. We have lost a firm and loyal ally and Portugal a strong and devoted ruler—possessions not easily replaced in this world. The common loss emphasizes the mutual bonds, and England and Portugal will assuredly date from this appalling catastrophe a closer union of sentiment and interests.

There can, we take it, be little doubt that the motives for the assassination of King Carlos and his eldest son are to be found in the political turmoil of Portugal. But the causes of that turmoil have not been sufficiently probed, and with the common view that lays them almost exclusively at the door of the dictatorship we find ourselves in entire disagreement. The fundamental trouble with Portugal, as with Spain and Italy, and to some extent with France, is that she is cursed with a political system that has no correspondence with the national instincts. No one has yet assessed the evil which has flowed from Great Britain's success in administering the Parliamentary form of government. From about 1780 to 1870 Europe was obsessed with an almost maniacal admiration for the British Constitution. The most diverse countries, countries wholly illiterate, countries just emerging from political slavery, countries that had never known and never care to know anything but the direct rulership of a single head, copied or transplanted the British system, not because it suited their temperament, but simply because it was the mode and stood for "progress," and was supposed to be the

last word in the art and science of politics. We see on every side the mischief that has sprung from this indiscriminate homage. We see France desperately trying to graft the tacit compromises and unwritten understandings of the Parliamentary system on to her natural instinct for precision, synthetic arrangements, and focused authority. We see in consequence that the worthiest elements hold aloof from politics, that parties multiply in number but develop little sense of cohesion or responsibility, that the deputy becomes a wholesale dispenser of places, that public expenditure grows without check, that offices are recklessly multiplied, and that the conjunction of the Parliamentary system with a centralized bureaucracy combines all the defects of both forms of government. In Italy the case is even worse, but nowhere perhaps has the attempt to live under a paper imitation of the British Constitution, from which the quickening spirit has gone, worked to more fatal disadvantage than in Spain and Portugal.

How indeed could it be otherwise? Portugal jumped at a bound from two centuries of political coma or political servitude to the fulness of freedom. There was no intermediate apprenticeship. The gulf between absolutism and self-government was bridged in a day. And in a country where three-fourths of the people can neither read nor write, the first condition of democracy is wanting. Constitutionalism on a basis of ignorance and illiteracy is nothing but an elaborate conspiracy against the common weal. Profound and universal demoralization has been its fruit in Portugal. There has never been anything in the country that could be dignified by the title of self-government. Portuguese politics begin and end with the question of spoils. The parties that call themselves "Liberals" and "Conservatives" have no principles

whatever except the principle of allowing each other a reasonable turn in office. The elections, so far from being a test of public opinion, are the nullification of it. The average Portuguese rarely takes the trouble to vote at all. If a man of education and breeding, he looks on the politicians much as a New York mugwump regards a Tammany alderman. If a peasant or small trader, he is apt like the Italian *contadino*, to think of the suffrage as a trick invented by the police to get him into trouble. He hears with equal indifference of the suspension of the Constitution and of its overthrow by military force. Government is a matter of arrangement and contract between the Ins and the Outs. No Portuguese Premier has ever failed in his appeal to the country, and none ever will so long as the bosses and wirepullers remember the alphabet of their art. Constitutionalism in Portugal has in fact never been anything but an organized assault on the pockets of the people. The country is "run" by a few thousands of professional politicians who are "in politics" for what they can make out of it. Meanwhile industry languishes, the army and navy degenerate, education is starved, justice becomes a branch of "politics," the national debt piles up until repudiation is called in to lighten its weight, and the whole country is preyed upon by the tax-gatherer and the office-holder.

This is no exaggerated picture of the situation with which King Carlos boldly grappled. It is rather, indeed, an under-statement of the problems that beset him. Those who believe his solution to have been the wrong one have signally failed to suggest any other. What other was possible? How can a nation of illiterates reform them-

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selves? In what way are cohorts of carpet-baggers to be persuaded to cease their plunderings? Where is the remedy for a Parliament that represents nothing but the greed, the eloquence, and the factiousness of its individual members? King Carlos saw in a reforming dictatorship the one hope of escape from a *régime* of profligacy and corruption that threatened moral anarchy and financial bankruptcy. The dictator was found; the Parliament was dissolved; the Constitution was virtually suspended; and the King and his chosen lieutenant set to work with a single-minded intensity on their crucial task. They accomplished more in a year than the politicians had effected in half a century; and the masses of the people sided with them. But every conceivable vested interest was against them, and the methods they employed—the arrests and deportations, the suppression of newspapers, the abrogation of all local franchises—lashed anger into fury. The King has paid for his valorous campaign with his life; the Dictator has retired; and a Cabinet "of monarchical concentration" is now installed. Its first steps have been to abrogate the decrees of the Dictator, and to promise a new and liberal policy on the lines of conciliation. Will this be any more successful than the late *régime*? For a while the frenzy of parties may be shocked into abeyance, but before long it will, there is too much reason to apprehend, reassert itself, the reforms of the past year will be systematically undone, Portugal will relapse into her accustomed rut, and all the old abuses will reappear. The attempt to abolish them at a stroke has failed, and with it, we fear, one of the most hopeful chances of Portuguese progress.

THE LATE CARDINAL RICHARD.

France, and in particular Paris, and in a measure the whole civilized world, have lost, by the death of Cardinal Richard, a monumental example of *savoir vivre*. In these days of hero-worship it is rare that the saints come by their own. The admiration which is due to Virtue is claimed and obtained by Success. The little band of worshippers at the shrine of the Pure Life grows smaller and smaller. Egoism is the universal god. Self-abnegation is sneered at, and in certain cases condemned by the law, as witness the expulsion of the sisters from the French hospitals. Asceticism is rarely practised, except as a form of vegetarianism, as the particular fad of some champion fool in flannels, as a training "hint" to golfers. It may help you to win, not to win Eternal Life, but a silver cup, or a blazer; not salvation, but the Grand Prix. There have been jockeys who looked like saints.

The asceticism practised during the whole of his priest-life by the late Cardinal Richard gave to his features an air of ethereal splendor such as I have rarely seen upon any human living face, a certain mysterious dignity which is almost peculiar to the dead, and this because the Cardinal's asceticism formed part of the spiritual as well as of the material decorum of his life. As near as it is possible to judge any man, he was, as near as any man may be, Virtue Incarnate. And his virtue shone all the more brilliantly in the darkness of his surroundings.

Cardinal Richard was not only a great ecclesiastic, but, by reason of his surpassing virtue, he was a great man. In his dealings with his priests he was strict, but paternally affectionate. He tolerated no departure from the highest standard of virtuous conduct. A vow was a vow. His aristocratic breed-

ing made him instinctively feel that in the personal engagements entered into between the priest and the Church there was, in addition to the vow, the *parole d'honneur*. He was a very Bayard of chastity, and would have had all his ecclesiastics moulded to his own likeness. *Le style c'est l'homme*, said the great naturalist Buffon. Cardinal Richard's style in his pastoral letters was as chaste and high as his own life, which was reflected in it in every line, and for this reason he was without any doubt a great stylist. He cannot be called a great writer, for he wrote too little, and then not for the sake of writing; but the student of style may gather priceless lessons from the little that he wrote. To begin with, he had the inimitable clearness and absolute logic of the writer who is sure of his premises and master of his own mind. There is no rhetoric in such a style as this, for there is no effort to persuade. Plain sense needs no adornment. It was a style entirely trickless, and therefore free from any trace of vulgarity. Nothing purer could be conceived. It had the serenity of a Greek marble.

In modern literature there is so much that is meretricious that the few moments spent in reading a pastoral letter by Cardinal Richard are as refreshing as the atmosphere of Rouen Cathedral after passing through the noisy commercial streets of the Norman city. This is an effect of style independent of the subject matter of the letter. The Cardinal was not a dreamer of great thoughts. He did not make *mots*. He contented himself with the Love of God. Thus his logic was inattackable, for he was always logical with God. He would explain the attitude of the Church upon any given social, moral, political, or purely

religious question with the same consummate accuracy of word and phrase that Berthelot would have used in the description of a chemical experiment. Both were absolute in their mentality. There was this difference, however, that the absolute definitiveness of the Cardinal's style addressed itself to the mysteries of the soul and the heart. The Cardinal's life was his greatest sermon. Throughout it there was the same perfection of style.

That France should have been the mother of this greatly virtuous man is an immense credit to France. France does not only produce brilliant warriors, and eloquent politicians, writers of vaudevilles, and artistic dressmakers. It is the birthplace of more whole-hearted and high-souled men and

The Academy.

women than perhaps any European country, the sphere of action of supremely conscientious artists such as Louis Anquetin, and of venerable holy men like the late Cardinal. Cruel though it was on the part of the present Government to turn the saintly Sisters of Mercy out of the hospitals, it is well to remember that there is at least one Christian country in Europe where there are none to turn out. We must thank France, then, for the beautiful example of Christian virtue which she has supplied to the world in the long life of the illustrious Frenchman who is now no more, and in thinking of him we may say with Milton:

Love Virtue; she alone is free.

Rowland Strong.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The eternal boy will find R. M. Balantyne's "Martin Rattler" and "The Coral Island" as stirring and exciting books of adventure, as they now appear in Everyman's Library, as the boy of just half a century ago found them when they were first published for his delight. Vivid with personal experience and warm with a genuine sympathy with boys, they will "find" the average boy reader far more surely than many a latter-day juvenile. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The new edition of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," edited by Mr. J. Shawcross, which the Oxford University Press has published, contains in addition a reprint of Coleridge's strictly æsthetical writings; secondly, notes elucidatory of the text; and thirdly, an introductory essay dealing with Coleridge's theory of the imagination. The only annotated edition of the "Biographia Literaria" hitherto published is

the second edition of 1847, long out of print.

To the slowly lengthening list of "Oratory" in Everyman's Library there is added a volume of selections from the speeches of John Bright. They include utterances of the great statesman at various times between 1855 and 1877 upon pending public questions—India, the Russian war, America, foreign relations, free trade, etc. Among them all there is none that was more potent or that will be longer remembered than the brief speech, barely a page long, in which Mr. Bright in 1863 asked of the London workmen an expression of their sympathy with the North in the civil war then in progress in this country:

The publication of a new and cheaper edition of Gertrude Lowthian Bell's "Syria the Desert and the

Sown" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is matter for congratulation; for it will extend the circulation of one of the freshest and most vivid records of travel and studies of character. The author's choice led her off from the beaten paths and caused her to mingle freely with all classes of Oriental people. She gives us no mere descriptions of scenery or of architecture but pictures of the life of the people, from shepherds and peasants to dignitaries and officials, and all with keen intelligence and discernment. The book contains nearly two hundred illustrations and an excellent map.

The arrangement of "Shelley's Poems" which appear in two volumes in *Everyman's Library*, is somewhat unusual. The editor, Mr. A. H. Koszul, puts *The Revolt of Islam*, the dramas and the translations into the second volume, but groups the other poems chronologically, under headings intended to mark the development of the poet's mind,—*Romantic Period*, *Intellectual Period*, *The Poet's Assertion*, *Revolt and Despondency*, *Full Production and Unrest and Gloom*. These divisions seem a little arbitrary, for there is of course no sharp line of demarcation between the periods, yet there is some justification for them. Another unusual feature is the printing in small type the less important verse which Shelley himself either later disowned or did not have the time to perfect. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Rarely does one take up a book which joins to such close and sympathetic knowledge of child nature, the delicacy of fancy, imaginative insight, and charm of "The Forest Playfellow." To a motherless boy of nine, taken from the merry family of cousins with whom his childhood has been spent to be the companion of a reserved and melancholy father in their gloomy

ancestral home, appears, when he is feeling most out of heart, a mysterious comrade of his own age, sharing his play in true boyish fashion and yet imparting to him an inexplicable sense of cheer and support which sustains through the intervals of his absence. So well does the author—by name E. K. Sanders—tell his story, that almost to the end of the little volume one remains in doubt whether those appearances will prove natural or supernatural, or, indeed, objective at all, and the final disclosure will disappoint or satisfy according to the reader's prepossessions. But as to the literary quality there can be no difference of opinion. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"God's Message to the Human Soul," by John Watson, D.D. (Ian Maclaren) has this element of special pathos, that it is a message which the beloved writer never delivered with his own lips. He was on his way to Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee, in April of last year, to give these lectures, when he was suddenly stricken with the illness which proved fatal within a few days. He had, happily, written out the lectures, and it is from this manuscript that the present book is printed. The general theme of the lectures is the use to be made of the Bible in the light of the new knowledge. Dr. Watson's theology was conservative and constructive, though he was ready enough to accept the results of Biblical criticism which did not begin with scouting the supernatural and end by leaving the Bible mere shreds and tatters of history and literature, without coherence and without authority. But it is not for their theology, of which they contain very little, but for their religion, of which they contain a great deal, that these six lectures will be read. They consider first the construction of the Bible, then its standpoint, and after that, its human-

ity, its authority, its style and its use. The interest, the reasonableness and the sympathy which he discerns as leading qualities of the style of the Bible mark his own style also in a high degree. Spirituality, earnestness, good sense, aptness of illustration, ripeness of experience, breadth and warmth of sympathy, and now and then a suggestion of that delicate imagination which characterized "Ian Maclaren's" stories are all manifest in these pages which, though addressed primarily to students for the ministry, appeal to a much larger constituency. The Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers.

Dr. Frederic Rowland Marvin has gathered together in a single volume, entitled "Poems and Translations" such of his verses as he wishes to have preserved. The book is published in two forms, both attractive, but one—an edition limited to one hundred numbered copies—upon heavy paper, with wide margins, and in a delicate binding of white and gray. Altogether, there are about one hundred bits of verse, exclusive of the translations, in this collection. They are varied in mood and form, and they show sincerity and seriousness of purpose, a spirit attuned to the harmonies both of the inner life and the outer world, and an apprehension of spiritual realities. Verses in a lighter vein relieve the seriousness which pervades many of the pieces. Such are "Lilies for Rosalie" and "Everlasting Trifles." Here is a definition of "Materialism" in a quatrain:

A faith that grasps the outer shell,
But never seeks for hidden fruit;

And to explain the soul of song,
Would weigh and measure pipe and lute.

And here is an ennobling thought, finely expressed, in the poem entitled "God":

Ten thousand worlds His face behold,
Beneath His feet the stars are dust,
Yet man contains Him all in all.
In our rude speech He speaks His will,
Not wild the sibyl's frenzy was,
Nor was the prophet's warning vain;
Still brightly burns the hallowed fire,
And stammering lips the message breathe:

The Love creative reappears,
And as the Father, so the child.

"Love's Metempsychosis" tempts to quotation, but the limits of space forbid the transcription of more than these lines:

Brief space for tears and prayers
To him who loves and dares

The high gods send;
But laughter-lighted days,
Through all life's winding ways,
Unto the end.

I stand beside the sea,
And salt waves cover me
With spray.

I know that I who stand
Betwixt the sea and land
All day,

Shall be as yellow dust,
Blown here and there—
Heaven's winds shall carry me,
I wist not where.
But this one thing I know,
Where'er my dust shall blow,
The life of love will go.

The book is published by the Pafracts Book Company of Troy, N. Y.

